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The Digest

EVIEW OF REVIEWS

incorporating The Literary Digest

AUG. 28, 1937

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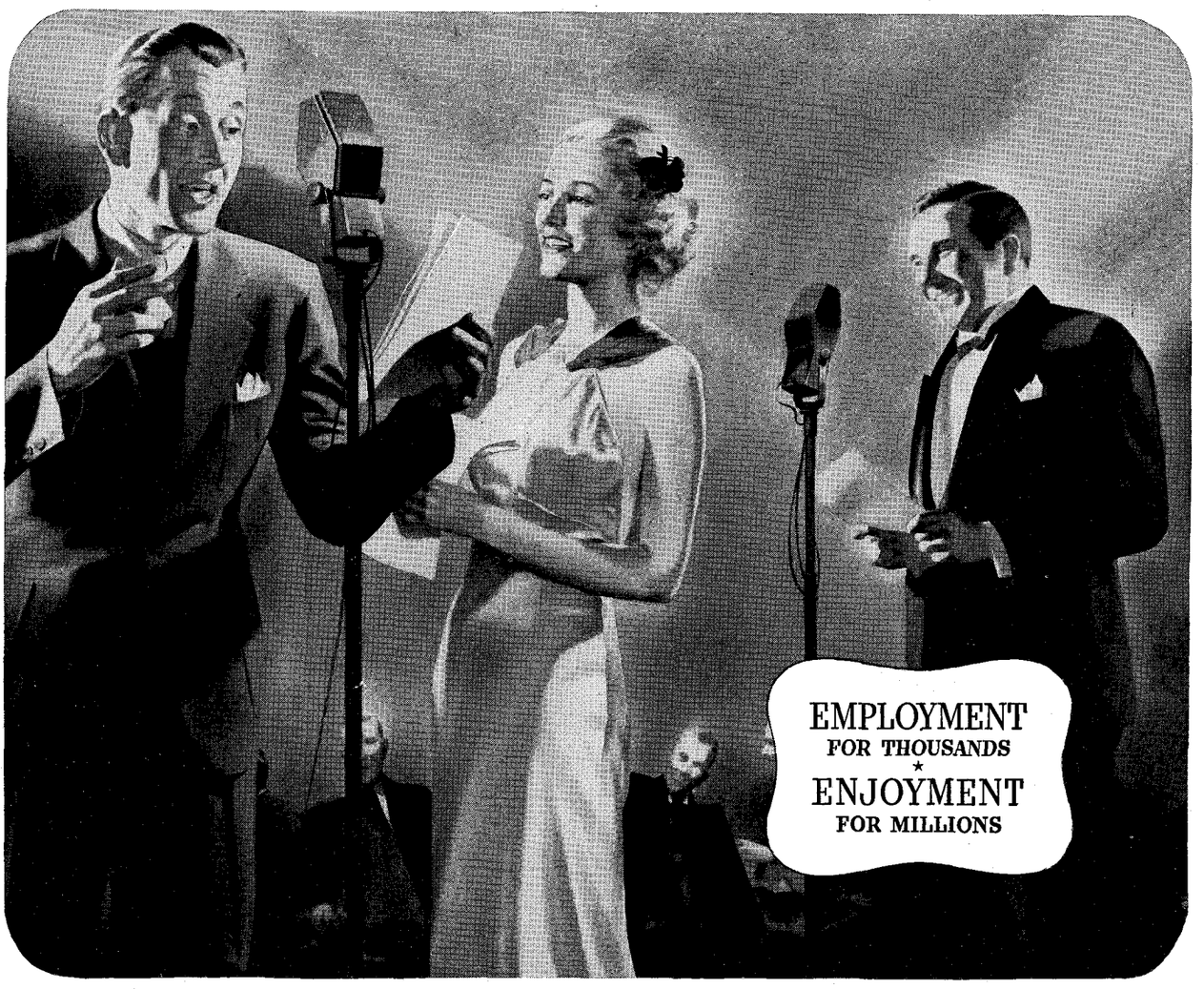

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The Digest

Review of Reviews incorporating The Literary Digest

ALBERT SHAW, EDITOR
Albert Shaw, Jr., Publisher

AUGUST 28, 1937

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Vol. 1 No. 7

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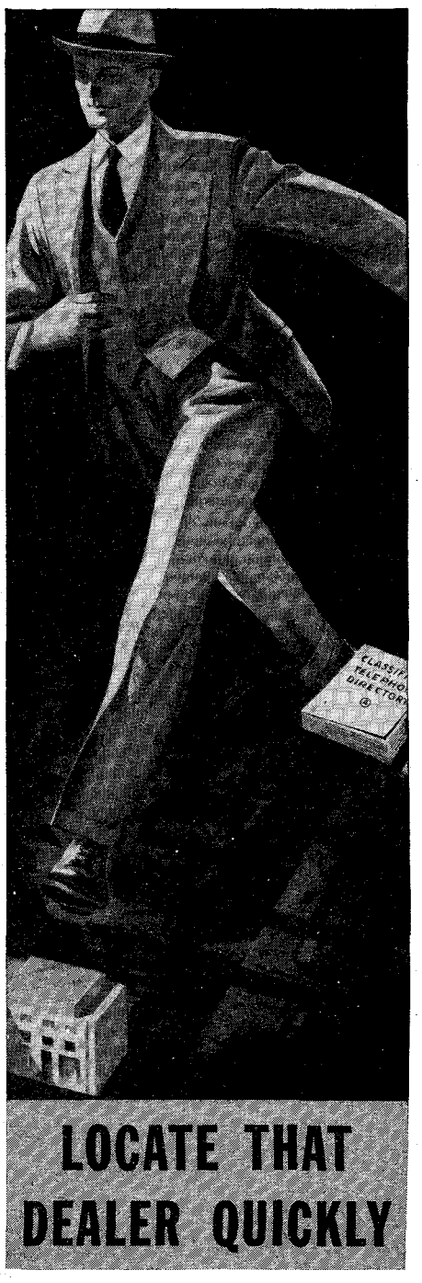

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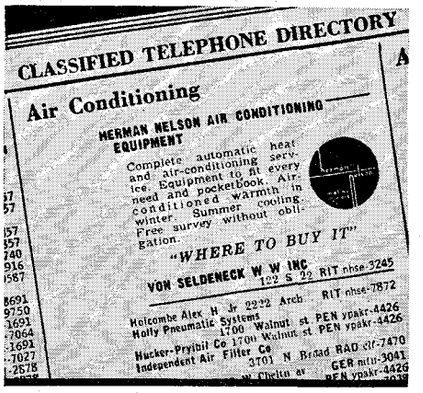

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THE EDITOR'S MAIL

Farm cycle

Vineland, N. J.—For months I have been waiting for some writer to draw attention to the connection between capital-labor troubles, agricultural surpluses, farmer financial difficulties, and unemployment. I am sure that, entirely aside from the question of the farmers' buying power and its effect on urban employment, the real salvation of the city man lies in solving the farmer-destitution dilemma.

One phase of the farmer's trouble is the vicious and endless circle he treads. By that I mean: (*1*) prices drop because of a large harvest; (*2*) since profit per unit of production is small, all farmers seek to increase production by buying machinery and gadgets and by working longer hours; (*3*) still greater production than before causes further price declines although overhead costs have increased; (*4*) the farmer and his family work harder than ever, lower their living standard, and use every available cent to buy more gadgets to increase the individual's production capacity; (*5*) the farmers go broke, and people from the city, thinking that the bottom has been reached, buy the farms and go into production with fresh energy and new activity; (*6*) prices drop further, or stay below the cost of production, *ad nausiam*—*Herbert J. Lowing.*

Ghost writer

San Diego, Calif.—Notwithstanding that publicity through the medium of an obituary was the last thing on earth desired by me, nevertheless, it gives me a certain degree of satisfaction to know that you considered me of sufficient importance to include.

To become a bridge expert is of doubtful value; but after spending thirty-six years in the Navy, it is disconcerting to be called an Army officer.—*Shade of Winfield Liggett, Jr., as interpreted by a lifelong friend, classmate, and shipmate.*

Lèse majesté

Dillon, S. C.—I have read with care the July 31-37 issue and was much surprised and believe that I will again look forward to the coming of the DIGEST.

May I call your attention to that which I deem an error in the July 31 issue. You print a letter in which Mr. Roosevelt is called a "coward."

Should a magazine with your high standing allow even by accident a person to refer to the President of the United States as a "coward"? Furthermore, however one may feel toward Roosevelt, I do not think even an enemy could apply that word to him. I would feel the same way were the President's name spelled "Hoover" or "Coolidge." Down here in the South a man will fight when that word is applied to him.—*Joe P. Lane.*

News hunger

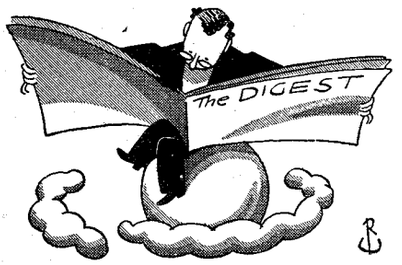
Chicago, Ill.—I know you have a magazine that will fill a real want and need.

There is a definite hunger for more than smart reporting of news. There is, in the aroused and sophisticated public mind of today, the demand for interpretation, understanding, opinion, and prognosis of the news, events, and happenings.

There is now a definite cycle back to the good old "how" days. But, the cycle is in a more sophisticated stage than back in the early 20's or late 19's. The new DIGEST gives the modern touch. The cycle has swung back for the new generation now in command of affairs—and their hunger is just as all-embracing as that of the old.—*Jack Klein.*

Professional approval

Ironton, O.—I suddenly "came to" and found myself on page 12. In the interim, pages 2 to 12 had become a part of my



own mental processes. Needless to say, I finished that July 31 issue.

Therefore, this finds me taking "time out" in a busy newspaper office to congratulate the new form.

I especially like the political, economic, and social "vignettes." I shall continue "Reading Around the World" with the DIGEST.—*M. Winters.*

Demitasse

Covington, Ky.—I don't like anything about the DIGEST. It seems to me entirely too superficial, and not nearly "meaty" enough.

I believe that you are making a mistake in placing "from the Editor's Mail" in the front of the magazine. In my opinion, that has no place in such a location. This is in the nature of a demitasse, and should be served only after the main meal.

You say, of the man for whom you edit the DIGEST—"This person is alertly intelligent, and by reason of ability and vigorous purpose, is busy and responsible for the guidance and well-being of many other people—a leader." Bull. I am no such thing.—*H. C. Cooper.*

Cotton market

Takoma Park, Md.—THE DIGEST of July 17 contains a quotation from the *Texas Weekly* by Peter Molyneaux, which is unspairing in its condemnation of a "canned" editorial which takes a view of trade which is directly contrary to his.

He severely condemns the author of the "canned" editorial which advocates the policy of "Buy American." When you come to the end of his article you discover that he is not thinking much about America, but a great deal about Texas; anything which will promote the sale of cotton is a good national policy, and vice versa. On the whole, I would not complain of that attitude, were it not bound up with an emphatic expression of preference for one purchaser of cotton over another. He is quite enthusiastic about Japan as a customer. He correctly believes that the quantity which Japan will buy is directly related to the cotton goods which Japan can sell in America.

Does he not know that the cotton factories in New England have been hard hit by this importation of cheap cotton goods, and that the largest factory in Massachusetts has had to close down, throwing employees out of work and adding many of them to the relief rolls? Has he not thought of the fact that as Texas increases its markets of cotton in Japan, to be paid for with Japanese cotton goods, it will lose a corresponding American market because American goods cannot be sold? What excuse has he for this disastrous preference for customers? Verily, it is a shortsighted sectional advantage that he favors, not an American advantage at all.—*Guy Clinton.*

Francophile

Albany, N. Y.—It is very easy to see that THE DIGEST is anti-Hitler. You are to be commended for that. But if you criticize Germany and its intervention in Spain, why not Italy, even more so? When it comes to intervention, however, you should first deplore these international brigades fighting for the so-called Loyalists. For, as General Franco says: "The Nationalist army has rejected several offers of outside aid. Its moral and technical superiority over the enemy was evident until the Red army, seeing itself beaten, organized and recruited international brigades abroad with substantial help from Russia and certain elements of the French Popular Front."

General Franco was transferred to the Canary Islands when the liberals gained control. The forestalled Red rising prompted 90% of the Spanish army officers to lead their troops in an uprising

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of a "defensive character." The army, as in many cases the most loyal contingent in the country, rose against the so-called government. When all legal methods had failed, they planned a military rising as their last resort, to save their beloved Spain.

Spain's glorious revolution, however, was endangered many times by failure. All loyal Spaniards placed their hope in that crusade. Even the Catholic Basques were for him, for when the Franco legions entered Bilbao the populace ran to the gates and rejoiced at their coming. The crusade has really been and is a glorious one.—*Joseph E. Murray.*

Short cut

Ocean Grove, N. J.—If one wants to know what is actually going on in the world, one must search and search and search through big sheet after big sheet of paper because not always is the most interesting or important thing on the front page or in the index. And then there is always follow up work to be done for not always is the correct version of a story given the first time.

So for these reasons—the saving of time, clearness of detail, accuracy, openness of viewpoint, stating all sides of a question, variety and interest in choice of subjects, I like most in THE DIGEST the "Story of a Week." To me it fills a long felt but until now unrealized need.

Also, I think the article "Crusader" in a recent issue was unusually interesting in style for that type of article. How do you manage to cover so much in such a small space? It tells everything one would like to know in a definitely clear and interestingly readable manner. —*Mrs. Phelps Cree.*

Havens for youth

Boston, Mass.—Your article, "Cellar Clubs," in your July 17th issue interested me greatly. I am familiar with a few of these so-called "Cellar Clubs" and officers of the same on the East Side of New York.

Would it not be advisable to have these clubs investigated and the situation given a little more consideration and time? I was quite surprised to have found so many level-headed young men and women who were aspiring to bigger and better things in life, who spoke of higher schools of learning, who were also learning how to behave among people, acquiring a certain finish from those who had already learned—getting a certain amount of inferiority complex out of their systems.

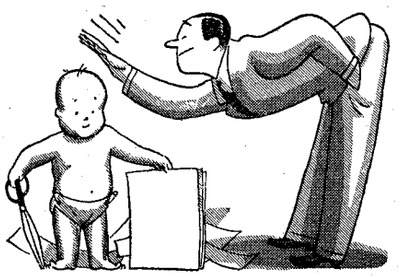
There are some cases, I grant you, where there is a weaker element existing —but that is natural, and it rests upon the shoulders of the officers of the individual clubs and the members to check this condition.

I sincerely believe that by "wiping these clubs out" the city will be doing itself a great deal of harm and will also be doing these youths a grave injustice. Would it not be more advisable to select a few club leaders or workers to visit these clubs, to take interest in their programs, to volunteer helpful instruction and to correct where correction is necessary?—*Ann M. Bencal.*

Child doing well

Fort Ann, N. Y.—I, for one, am distinctly grateful for the new DIGEST.

The national news means much to me. I would ask you to emphasize that. Your Pro and Con is a wonderful contribution,



so wonderful that it can be made still more so.

The special hit—"Crusader"—"Fascism"—Why not a more exhaustive treatment from the human interest viewpoint? It is "great" as far as it goes.

A magazine I'd like to have had the gumption to have conceived and given birth to! Now go ahead and rear the child—You'll have my subscription for a long time to come.—*Lester A. Hooks.*

All Palestine

Cleveland, O.—In commenting upon the fact that England proposes to partition Palestine into three parts, Arab, Jewish, and British, you state that:—"Bright and industrious, Jews have economically ousted the poor, backward Arabs."

Even the Palestinian Arabs have never made that charge against the Jews.

The Palestine Royal Commission, in commenting upon the great development of Palestine by the Jews, says:

"The Arab population shows a remarkable increase since 1920, and it has had some share in the increased prosperity of Palestine. Many Arab landowners have benefited from the sale of land and the profitable investment of the purchase money. The Arab progress has been partly due to the import of Jewish capital into Palestine and other factors associated with the growth of the National Home. In particular, the Arabs have benefited from social services which could not have been provided on the existing scale without the revenue obtained from the Jews."—*Abraham Kollin.*

House guest

New Albin, Ia.—In a small town in northeastern Iowa the *Literary Digest* in its new dress is a most welcome visitor. The change in its general appearance is excellent, and I find its contents fresh, invigorating, and interesting. Congratulations.—*J. J. Travis.*

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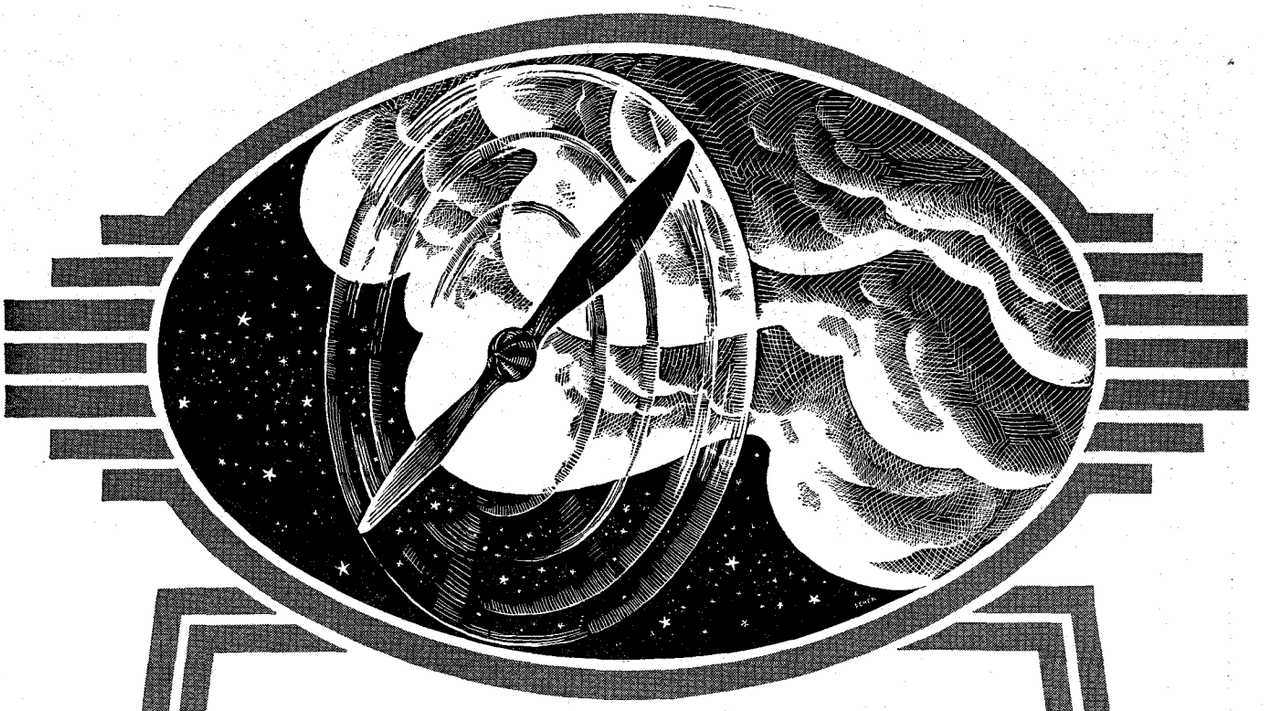

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STORY OF A WEEK

THE FAG END of August finds an America thoroughly enervated by heat and politics. Weary of great questions, impervious to front-page headlines, a large segment of the population turns to problems just beyond the back yard.

In Trenton, N. J., the state department of agriculture is thrown back on its heels by a farm girl writing to ask: "Which way does a pig's tail curl?" After an exhaustive investigation among porkers and pork experts, the department concluded that most tails curl left, or counter-clockwise, but pointed out that tails of many stand-pat pigs twist conservatively to the right. Only pigs of little charm and low vitality have tails that curl in neither direction.

In Indianapolis, tipsy (or allegedly tipsy) automobile drivers wonder how they can get around a new contraption called a "drunkometer," which the city is using. If the defendant's breath turns a certain fluid from purple to blue, he is deemed to be intoxicated—regardless of how many chalk-lines he can walk.

In Manhattan, Harlem's Negro followers of Father Divine are horror-stricken at the news that the "Black Messiah" may evaporate. Plagued by lawsuits, he thinks he may be "too soon for this world," say his friends. He has passed word around that he would like to disappear for 1900 years or so.

Serious business

FASCINATING as are these less momentous issues, Americans continue to give a good part of their attention to political concerns that have kept the nation in a dither since January.

In a head-over-heels rush to adjourn, the House of Representatives passed a tax-loophole-plugging bill without bothering to read it, and abandoned the Administration's wages-and-hours bill until next year.

The American Federation of Labor shifted its forces to another section of the labor front, to hold off the C.I.O. It began a program of organization among agricultural and white-collar workers, two groups that John L. Lewis has been working on for months. Displaying a surprising bent for showmanship, the A. F. of L. further announced that it had named Eddie Cantor, funnyman of Broadway, Hollywood, and Radio City, to head the American Federation of Radio Artists. Helen Hayes, Lawrence Tibbett, Jascha Heifetz, and other stars will assist him in unionizing "everyone who appears before a microphone."

The Senate Judiciary Committee voted 13 to 4 to approve the nomination of Hugo L. Black, of Alabama, as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. But when his supporters moved to confirm the appointment a storm broke. Republican inveighed against "steamroller" tactics and demanded a public hearing on the Southerner's qualifications. An avalanche of anti-Black telegrams descended on the Capitol from all parts of the country. This latest controversy became at once the most serious one. Debate was bitter but ended with the Senate voting confirmation, 63-16.

WIDE WORLD

FINSLER'S COMET, an August visitor, seen through a 10-inch telescope with a photographic exposure of 2½ hours. The tail, making allowance for distance, is twenty times the moon's diameter. Stars are streaks of light, a result of the negative's long exposure

Mr. Black's new job

"HELP WANTED — MALE," Franklin Roosevelt might have advertised on May 18, the day a Senate committee rejected Mr. Roosevelt's original plan to enlarge the Supreme Court, the day Justice Van Devanter announced his resignation. "Judge, for United States Supreme Court; must be young, a Southerner, a New Dealer, a friend of labor, and reasonably sure of confirmation by the Senate; other qualifications useful but not indispensable; salary $20,000 a year."

In the President's view, all the qualifications mentioned were of the very first importance. Youth, because one ostensible point of the Roosevelt court plan had been to replace out-dated oldsters with up-to-the-minute youngsters. A Southern background, because there was no Southerner on the Court and because the South, in revolt against the New Deal, had to be placated. Sympathy with labor, because labor could exert strong pressure in the Senate against any suspected enemy. A good prospect of confirmation; without it all other assets were useless.

Not many applicants could have answered such an ad with any expectation of success. But Hugo L. Black of Alabama (see page 11) could have done so, and have mentioned one asset as a clincher: He was a member of the Senate, which is bound by old tradition to confirm any appointment of any Senator to any position. However, as matters turned out, Senator Black did not answer this ad, because it was never drawn up, at least not for use in the newspapers.

P. S. He got the job.

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A SAN FRANCISCO singing society, Germans all, registers glee when allowed to grasp Herr Hitler's hand INTERNATIONAL

Pro-Black, anti-Black

SENATOR BLACK'S appointment to the Supreme Court jolted the Senate. In its excitement the chamber suspended an unwritten rule, unbroken since 1888, that the appointment of any Senator to any job must be confirmed in jig-time without reference to a committee for examination of his qualifications.

Henry F. Ashurst, Arizona Democrat, droll and courtly, leaped to his feet to beg that the Senators follow "immemorial usage" and confirm, without leaving their seats, the nomination of this "lawyer of transcendent ability, great, industrious and courteous in debate, young, vigorous, of splendid character and attainments." But Hiram Johnson, belligerent California Republican, objected; and the nomination went to committee.

Individuals in and out of Congress lined up at once in pro and anti camps, and rhetorical guns blazed away in earnest. Correspondents in the rival headquarters sent out these clashing opinions:

PRO: "Hooray for Alabama! Hooray for Black!"—Governor Bibb Graves of Alabama.

"I think he will make a good justice"—Senator Wheeler, Montana Democrat, who led the fight against the court-enlargement bills.

"Very excellent," Senator La Follette, Wisconsin Progressive.

"The appointment is pleasing and satisfactory to labor"—William Green of A.F. of L.

"The C.I.O. is for him"—John L. Lewis.

"The President has made a great nomination"—New York *Post*.

ANTI: "The worst selection that could have been made."—Representative Bacon, Republican, of New York.

"The worst insult that has yet been given the nation"—Representative E. E. Cox, Georgia Democrat.

"Don't start me off again"—Senator Glass, Virginia Democrat.

"Hugo Black is no such respecter of the law as should sit to judge the law. It was he who, in stark defiance of the Constitution, seized Western Union's private files—as high-handed an act of legislative tyranny as has been lately seen. . . . Senator Black is not a judge. He is a hot-eyed zealot."—Hugh S. Johnson, in his syndicated newspaper column.

"Mr. Roosevelt could not have made a worse appointment if he had named John L. Lewis."—David Lawrence, columnist.

"The appointment of Senator Black is cheap. . . . Mr. Roosevelt has pulled another smart one. . . . We have finally carried the spoils system to the Supreme Bench, openly and cynically. It's a sin and a shame."—Dorothy Thompson in her syndicated newspaper column.

Conservative papers in Hugo Black's own state were torn between pride and anxiety. The Birmingham *Age-Herald*:

"We fear he may not prove the great judge. . . . But even so, we hold to a faith in Hugo Black's fundamental sincerity and his broad mental caliber."

"Pride is the dominant feeling," reflected the Birmingham *News*, "but there are other emotions, including relief and misgivings."

Montgomery *Advertiser:* "As a judge of the law he will be true to his better instincts, and so in the end reflect honor and glory upon his native Alabama."

Dixie up in arms

THERE WAS the week-end harmony picnic at the Jefferson Islands Democratic Club late in June. There was Jim Farley's harmony speech a little later, denying that Franklin Roosevelt was gunning for Democrats who had annihilated his Court bill. There was the harmony dinner a fortnight ago in honor of the new Democratic Senate leader, Alben W. Barkley.

But by last week it was evident that, despite all this harmonizing, Democrats on Capitol Hill were no longer holding hands. Secretly or openly, most Southern Senators and Representatives had been horrified by the Administration's drive to enlarge the Supreme Court. The murmuring began then, crescendoed through the President's refusal to spike the sit-down epidemic and prune relief appropriations, and climaxed over the White House wages-and-hours bill.

Conservative Dixie Democrats no longer murmured: they railed. The measure would skyrocket prices, they protested, and dislocate the economic structure of the South. After days of wrangling, the bill went through the Senate—only to be ambushed by Southerners in the House. Alarmed at plummeting cotton prices, they demanded that Roosevelt guarantee loans to Southern planters and thus peg prices as in '33 and '34. No cotton loans, no wages-and-hours bill, they threatened. In the end they got cotton loans, but the President did not get his wages-and-hours bill.

No longer under cover, defection ran the length of the legislative front. Senators Byrd of Virginia, Tydings of Maryland, George of Georgia, peppered the housing bill: it was too costly; it was "pork" for cities of the North; it would not clean up Southern "rural slums." Senator Byrnes of South Carolina boxed up the executive reorganization bill, a White House pet, until next year. Senators Connally of Texas and Harrison of Mississippi smiled slyly when Senator Wagner trotted out his anti-lynching bill. They would not filibuster against it, as Southerners always have done before. They preferred, whispered wiseacres, to see the President given the embarrassing choice of signing the bill and alienating the South, or vetoing it and losing Negro support in the North. Eventually they decided to postpone the embarrassment until 1938.

By last week not a Dixie Democrat seemed to recall having toasted the leadership of Alben Barkley. So resolutely had they run contrary to the Administration program that Leader Barkley felt like a follower. "That," he wailed, "was a hell of a harmony dinner!"

Chicago quacks

IT'S A MIRACLE that Virginia Gardner is alive. Naprapaths and physiotherapaths diagnosed her complaint as art'-ritis, inflamed spleen, infected lungs, weak kidneys, heart tension, slow pulse, poor hemoglobin, secondary anemia, shrunken ligaments, nerves knotted together, rheum-

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atism, a misplaced vertebra, one leg shorter than the other, emotionality, and toxic poisons. The cures prescribed were red and green "chromarays," herbacious pills, distilled water, an electric pad (without electricity), pepper, hot sauces, sleeping tablets, astral power, and love.

These treatments did not help her ailments in the least, for she had none. She is a very healthy Chicago *Tribune* reporter who spent several weeks investigating quack doctors. Meanwhile the Illinois department of registration and education, in its fifth drive in two years, arrested twenty-four Chicago "doctors" for unlicensed medical practice and last week warned six more.

Special investigators, sent as patients to supposed quacks, obtained the necessary evidence. The healers, they found, refused to treat patients without references, boasted of being busy, prided themselves on helping humanity, and based their cure-alls on colored lights and manual manipulations. One "doctor" used Yogi philosophy. Another prescribed juniper berry tea and gin. Another called himself an "obstetrician." Most of the accused were "naprapaths," who hold that every ailment results from a "ligatite," or shrunken ligament. Naprapathy loosens these ligaments, it is said, thus readily curing insanity and stammering, cross-eyes and appendicitis, paralysis and fallen arches, asthma and constipation, eye trouble and deafness, angina pectoris and writer's cramp—but on a strictly cash basis.

John J. Hallihan, director of the drive against quacks, denounced them roundly for "preying on the credulity and ignorance of the sick."

Chasm in Idaho

ARIZONA has its Grand Canyon, New York its Au Sable Chasm, Pennsylvania its Delaware Water Gap. Last week Idahoans began to wonder if their state is soon to have a geological cleft of its own, rivaling the others in grandeur.

In the past fortnight the farm of Harley Robertson, near the railroad post of Buhl, close to the Nevada border, has been disappearing. A rugged canyon yawns, 300 feet deep, half a mile long, where once were twenty acres of rich volcanic topsoil. New fissures threaten another eighty acres. It was feared that Salmon Falls Creek, blood stream of the area, would be engulfed and disappear underground like many other Idaho streams, leaving the soil arid.

Two or three million years ago, incompleted volcanic action created a vast subsurface air pocket 1500 feet deep and 100 miles long. Farmers moving in, less than a century ago, were unaware that they literally walked on air. Irrigation systems multiplied, supplying life-giving water to flourishing crops but paradoxically destroying the land itself. This is the view of Ray J. Lyman, Boise geologist. "As an agency in hastening the collapse," he observed, "reclamation cannot be overlooked. Irrigation undeniably has softened the earth."

But Farmer Robertson has no intention of evacuating his home, though subterranean rumblings continue as great boulders detach themselves from the earth's crust, crashing a quarter of a mile through the chasm to bed rock.

FDIC to the rescue

BETWEEN 1921 and 1930 more than 7,000 banks slammed their doors in the faces of panicky depositors. Often the police were hurriedly summoned to prevent rioting. Always there was a long, gloomy wait for a fraction of a lifetime's savings to be paid back.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., last week, the Fort Greene National Bank shut down without any more excitement than attends the closing of a grocery store after the regular hours of business—no queues of hand-wringing depositors, no angry flare-ups, no brandishing of night-sticks. Indeed, there was no cause for excitement. The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation was ready to pay off all accounts up to $5,000.

The most rabid critic of the Roosevelt Administration usually has a tolerant word for the FDIC. During the 1936 campaign, Republican orators could find nothing worse to say than that it tended to foster wild-cat banking. As a rule they preferred to ignore this chapter of the New Deal. Its record was too good.

FDIC's first rescue job came in May, 1934. Mrs. Lydia Lobsiger, a widow, had $1,250—all her savings—swept away by the failure of the Fond du Lac State Bank at East Peoria, Ill. The deposit-insurance agency, then just one year old, stepped in immediately, set up a new temporary bank, and sent checks to Mrs. Lobsiger and 1,788 other depositors.

Organized under the Banking Act of 1933, with about $300,000,000 capital, the Corporation has just one important duty—to protect the savings of small depositors. All banks which are members of the Federal Reserve system are automatically insured by the Corporation under the law. Non-member banks may become insured if they can prove that they are financially sound. Of some 15,600 operating banks in the United States, 13,887 are protected by the FDIC.

During the last four years the agency has pulled 132 banks out of deep water, has reimbursed 179,601 depositors to the extent of $47,598,000 out of a possible $51,755,000 in deposits. If the agency, during its periodical examinations, finds an unsound bank in operation, it recommends that the institution be closed. If it does not close, the insurance is canceled. In two years FDIC has denied its protection to 41 banks.

INTERNATIONAL

THE DUKE and Duchess of Windsor, recently married without consent of the government of the bridegroom, spend a holiday at Spiaggia Beach, near Venice

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With such a wholesome record, so stubborn an anti-Roosevelt paper as the New York *Herald Tribune* conceded last week "that, in normal times at least, the FDIC can be a very useful instrument of public policy."

Hillman's silk workers

WORKERS strike with their employers' approval . . . Manufacturers unionize to sign a collective bargaining contract with employees . . . Sounds strange, but that's the way with the Textile Workers Organizing Committee, C. I. O. affiliate, and with Sidney Hillman, its boss.

Three weeks ago the T.W.O.C. struck in the silk and rayon industry "to bring stability, order, and some measure of prosperity to a poverty-stricken industry which has brought industrial standards to a record low level." Envious of 10,000 New England workers who had obtained contracts, 40,000 of the 48,000 workers in Pennsylvania and New Jersey left their looms to demand $18 minimum weekly wage and 10 to 20 per cent wage increases. Silk workers receive an average of $16.56 weekly, compared with $25.54 in industry as a whole.

Since many manufacturers welcomed the walkout in hope of improving labor conditions (admittedly undermined by cutthroat chiseling), the strike was successful. Last week the newly-formed National Association of Silk and Rayon Manufacturers, representing sixty establishments, granted all Hillman's demands. "For the first time," exalted the textile organizer, "a group of employers has coöperated with labor in an attempt to eliminate the evils arising from unrestrained competition."

The silk workers' walkout was the first the T.W.O.C. has called since March 19 when it launched its drive to unionize the nation's 1,250,000 textile workers. Working quietly, its 500 organizers have boosted its membership to 350,000 from the initial nucleus of 75,000 members (belonging to the old United Textile Workers). In the first 200 elections conducted by the National Labor Relations Board, the union lost one.

A war chest of $870,000, and Sidney Hillman, are at the bottom of the T.W.O.C.'s success. Textile manufacturers know they can trust this fifty-year-old Lithuanian who was once destined to be a rabbi. Jailed at 15 for leading a strike, he escaped to England and later migrated to Chicago. In 1914 he organized the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, became its president the following year, and has ruled it with an iron hand ever since. Shy of publicity, he combines warm enthusiasm with icy practicality. He is not so bellicose as John L. Lewis; and for this reason, say observers, he is superseding his chief as C. I. O. spokesman at the White House.

INTERNATIONAL

VIRGINIA'S next Governor, in all probability, will be James H. Price of Richmond (now Lieutenant Governor), who carried the August 3 primary. Shown with his daughter Lillian.

Again a cotton problem

APPARENTLY Washington thinks the country is confronted with another cotton problem. This trepidation is traceable to the forecast issued by the Crop Reporting Board of the United States Department of Agriculture, placing the probable yield at 15,593,000 bales. Such a crop would compare with actual production last season of 12,399,000 bales.

Southern politicians want to "protect" the growers against low prices resulting from a bumper cotton crop.

The picture presented at the moment points to a total world crop of 34,000,000 bales, possibly more. World consumption for the past season (terminated July 31, 1937) amounted to a little more than 30,000,000 bales of cotton of all growths. Total indicated production for the new season is 4,000,000 bales or thereabouts above this record offtake. But it should be kept in mind that consumption of cotton has been increasing by leaps and bounds in the last two or three years. World purchasing power has been rising and the industrial uses of cotton have mounted. Apparently all that is needed to bring about still further gains in cotton consumption is a fair price and a free market —supplemented by a loosening of the shackles of international trade.

In spite of the fact that southern farmers are not threatened with poverty prices, there is the usual neurasthenic rush to forestall such a development, and plans are being formulated in Washington calling for a protective loan —a loan that would act as a barrier against a drastic decline—coupled with subsidy or differential payments to insure a price that would be satisfactory to the grower. Last week it looked as if the loan might be placed at 9 cents, and that a system of benefit payments would be devised to insure an average return of 12 cents. This would permit the farmer to sell his cotton freely on the guaranty that the difference between his selling price and 12 cents would be made up by the Government.

This most generous offer would be conditioned on compliance of the farmer with a crop-control program to be formulated at the next session of Congress.

Shanghai gesture

FROM North China the fight-scene shifts down the coat to Shanghai, No. 1 modern city of China, with a population of 3½ million. Here the native quarter is called Chapei. Living in the International Settlement were 50,000 foreigners, including 4000 Americans and 10,000 British.

The trouble started with the killing of two Japanese seamen by Chinese. Japan thereupon massed warships in the harbor and landed sailors. Local Chinese militia were moved out of Shanghai, but their place was taken by two crack Chinese divisions, Nos. 87 and 88, German-trained pets of Dictator Chiang Kai-shek. The situation appeared similar to that of 1932, when Japan and China clashed there and Tsai Ting-kai's Chinese 19th Route army covered itself with glory. The International Settlement is guarded by United States marines, British regulars, and a force of polyglot volunteers, as British and American citizens are evacuated.

More serious was a subsequent incident, when bombs from Chinese airplanes fell into the International Settlement (Frisco's Chinatown in reverse), killing and wounding thousands of people, mostly Chinese. Japanese aviators and warships counter-bombarded vigorously. Three Americans were reported slain and the American-educated Methodist, beautiful Mrs. Chiang Kai-shek, explained that it was an accident caused by the unknowing clumsiness of wounded Chinese pilots.

Mr. Chiang himself was "shocked and grieved." His air-force was American-trained by John Jouett of Maryland (1932-'35), as his super-doughboys were Prussianized by Colonel Bauer, Ludendorff's pride, and by General Seeckt, Mackensen's joy in the World War. Says airmaster Jouett, "Young Chinese are just about as good as American flyers, if not superior in some respects . . . two-to-one better than the Japanese."

Meanwhile, on the northwest front, in the shadow of the Great Wall, Japan was trying to force a passage through the mountains into wild and woolly Mongolia, via Nankow. Peiping becomes virtually a Japanese city; until a decade ago she

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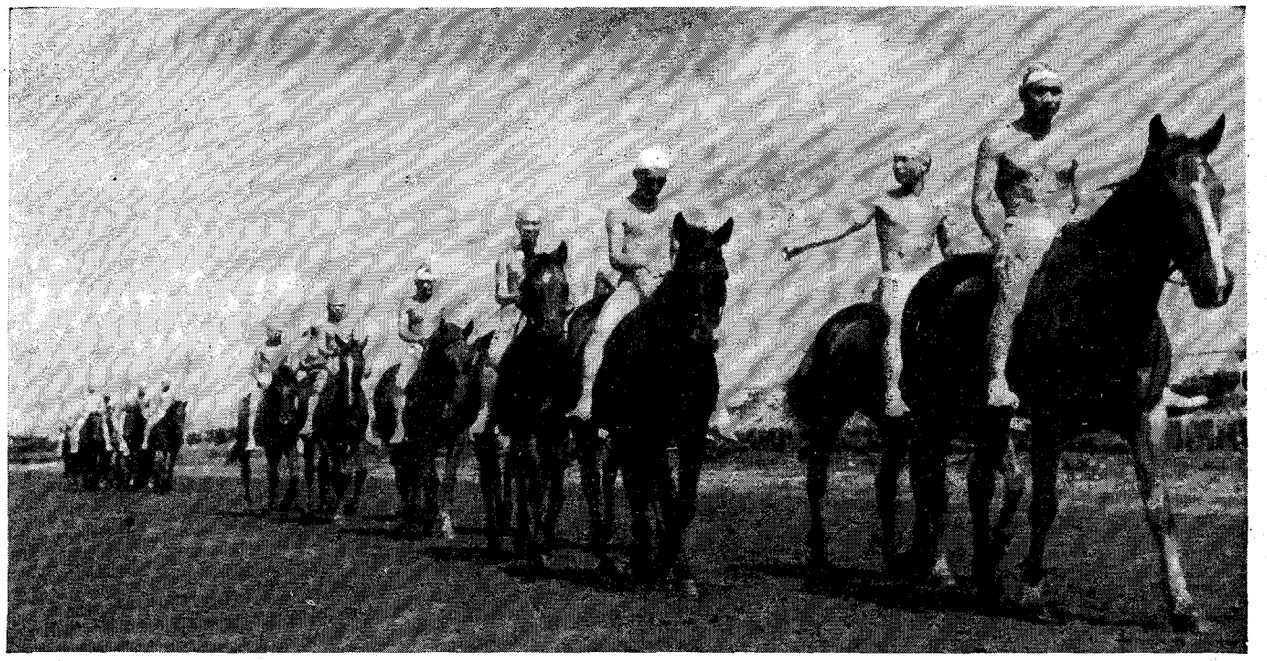

INTERNATIONAL

JAPANESE cavalrymen learn to ride not merely bareback as regards the horse, but bareback as regards the man also

was capital of all China. War-minded Japan votes the biggest financial appropriations in her history, and is expected soon to vote more.

The Second Battle of Shanghai has all the earmarks of the First, fought in 1932. By landing north of the city, Japan is again trying to turn the Chinese left flank, and China strives to drive the invaders back into the sea. The military strategy is the same; only the ferocity is worse.

Last week "endless" Spain, her rebels and loyalists, were exiled by newspapers to a near-oblivion. *Roar China!*

Brazil nut

INDEFINITE postponement is the verdict on the U.S. scheme to lease 6 over-age, decommissioned destroyers to Brazil for peace-time training purposes. Strong Argentine objections killed this diplomatic and military version of the proverbially tough Brazil nut. The nut became a goose-egg.

Now that the air is again cleared, two things are certain: (1) relations between Brazil and the Argentine have not been helped along by the tiff; (2) the situation which underlay the proposed and unprecedented international swap remains unchanged.

Behind these headlines is a story. Brazil fears "several over-populated, super-industrialized," land-hungry powers who see in her weakly-defended, but vast, wealthy, and sparsely populated territory, a choice morsel for colonial expansion. These flirtatious powers are the explosive fascist trio: Italy, Japan and, most important, Germany.

Germany has ousted the United States as Brazil's chief customer, aided by a special 1935 trade agreement whereby Germany paid Brazil in "blocked" marks, not cash. Thus Brazil was hog-tied with a cool $35,000,000 credit "frozen" in the Reichsbank. This nazi iceberg-technique was followed up with trade and educational missions to Brazil and Chile, aiming at iron and nitrate supplies and diplomatic good-will.

Recently a new German ambassador, Herr Ritter, descended upon Brazil, portent of greater things to come. What transpired was a suggestion that Brazil sell Germany vast reserves of raw materials, to be held in German warehouses for use in war-time.

There is this further twist: If Franco, Mussolini, and Hitler win in Spain, fascism may echo throughout Latin America. Berlin and Rome will inherit the prestige of Spain in the New World. In Brazil, for instance, there is already a large and growing movement of fascist greenshirts.

Somewhat frightened, Brazil now decides to protect herself. To her present obsolete navy (24 museum-pieces in all) she is adding 2 new cruisers, 9 destroyers, 8 submarines, 2 tankers, 6 mine sweepers and 1 training ship. Her navy will then have parity with neighboring Argentine's. Brazil's air-force, however, will remain flimsy, roughly one-fifth of Argentine's.

Added to this Secretary Hull has given a democratic and free-trade answer to Dr. Schacht's nazi and bartering arrangements. The summer's heat has wilted German trade. In return for a recent $60,000,000 gold loan to help stabilize Brazil's gyrating currency, America extracted valuable commercial provisos, whose future fulfillment can come only at Germany's expense. Then, on August 3, Brazil cancelled a German deal involving 100,000 bags of coffee, because the nazis refused to offer suitable credits.

Now comes the United States pawnshop-pawnship scheme. Planned a year ago, the move is no surprise to those well-informed European circles which have long maintained that our current naval expansion is directed, not at China-minded Japan, but at colony-minded Germany. For it follows that to the extent which we isolate ourselves from European upsets we must turn to Monroe Doctrine lands. Especially since Hitler, rebuffed in his demand for African colonies, looks toward South America.

Decline and fall

"PRUSSIANIZED" Germany is not being run by Prussians in August, 1937, but by two other elements: Bavarian Protestants and foreigners.

Bavaria is two-thirds Catholic and a third Protestant, somewhat like Ireland; and the Protestant minority, like Ulstermen, are unusually tough, active, and vociferous. They are strongly anti-papal, hence current troubles between Germany and the Vatican. The foreigners stress the pan-Germanism of Hitler, and the unity of Germans everywhere.

Among Protestant Bavarians are air minister Goering, interior minister Frick, police chief Himmler, propaganda minister Goebbels, and Ley, Epp, Schirach, Jew-baiter Streicher, ousted press-agent Hanfstaengl; also early nazis (dead or living) like the Strasser brothers, Feder, and sinister storm-troop leader Roehm, shot June 30, 1934. Nazi party capital is still the Bavarian Brown House at Munich. Party conventions are held at Nuremberg, Bavarian Protestant center.

Among the foreigners are Austrian

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Hitler himself; Estonian Rosenberg, nazi philosopher; Egyptian Hess, party whip; Argentine Darré, farm minister; N. Y. City Schacht, economic minister—and a flock of other "Auslanders." Rosenberg served in the Russian army against Germany in 1914, so they say. Hess and Darré, like Goering, were German war flyers.

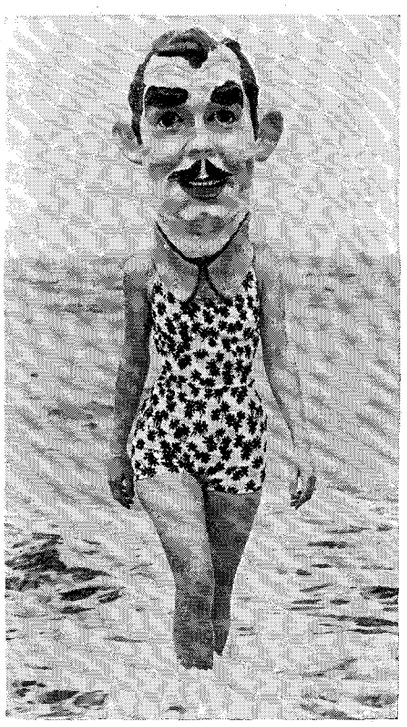
The German regular army is still in monocled Prussian Junkers' hands, and here the nazis have short shrift. But in matters of government, poor "Jewish" Prussia (two-thirds of Germany) is out of the imperial saddle while Bavarians and outlanders are in.

Stalin strikes again

News from Russia becomes monotonous. The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is made up of seven autonomous states. Four of these have had their top-officials ousted in recent conspiracy-hunts and lethal trials. These are (1) White Russia, next to Poland; (2 and 3) Uzbekistan and Tajikistan, in Central Asia; and (4) Azerbaijan, in Transcaucasia.

Now it is the turn of a fifth—the squint-eyed Turkoman republic, which has a million oriental, tough-and-stocky people. Aitakov, the Turkoman state president, the premier, and nine other high officials are dismissed and denounced —with trial and execution looming ahead. They are, it seems, "enemies of the people."

The Tajikistan premier and cabinet members were ousted at the end of July. The White Russian president, Chervyakov, committed suicide in mid-June. Meanwhile, "spy" shootings continue, especially among nervous Siberian railway workers; while the Workers' and Peasants' Red army continues to have jitters after the June executions of eight leading generals.



VENICE, California, stages an August carnival and adopts the huge comic mask that marks the Italian city's frivolity

New names for old

Pekin is much in the North China news these days, but now they call it *Peiping*. New names for old. There are no Persian rugs any more. This year they are Iranian rugs instead, for Persia has changed her name officially to *Iran*, and wants us all to remember that. The name Iran has ancient glories attached to it and hence has been revived. Too, Constantinople is *Istanbul*—or so the Turks declare insistently. Petersburg has long been *Leningrad*, swapping Czar Peter the Great, city founder, for the red saint. Nazis still call it Petersburg sometimes, to be rude.

Italy today is the *Fascist Empire of the Year XVI*, the Year I being 1922, when blackshirts marched on Rome. The word Italy itself is beginning to acquire mere provincial significance as Mussolini goes on to glory. Rumania is now *Romania*, recalling the Roman heritage of this latinic outpost of Emperor Trajan's legions.

Irish Free State (or Ireland) returns to Gaelic *Eire* under the 1937 De Valera constitution, and Gaelic too is the official language of Eire. De Valera makes speeches in it; it is taught in all schools. Norwegian Christiania has changed back to good old pagan *Oslo*. Russian Czaritzin, on the Volga, is now *Stalingrad*, called after the dictator.

Japan today is officially *Nippon*, and indeed the word Japan was originally a bad occidental corruption of Nippon.

There is now no Russia, but only a *Union of Soviet Socialist Republics*, shortened to U.S.S.R.

Meanwhile, the dictator of the Dominican "republic" changes the name of his ancient and honorable capital, 1496 San Domingo, to *Trujillo City*—after himself!

TOPICS IN BRIEF

A building boom is predicted by two Cornell professors. It seems they saw a fellow walking down Main Street with a saw and hammer.—*H. I. Phillips in New York Sun.*

• •

Agricultural income is now at the highest point in ten years. The farmers will soon be prosperous enough to go to Washington in person to demand farm relief.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

• •

No matter what the diplomats may say, it's going to be pretty hard to convince a fellow with a bullet in his chest that there is yet no war in China.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald.*

• •

Russia has started building that 1300-foot Moscow skyscraper. Those fellows just won't be contented until they have made all the American mistakes.—*Boston Transcript.*

• •

Up in Wisconsin a W.P.A. foreman tied an aching tooth to a freight train. When the train started, the tooth did too. It is now in interstate commerce.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

• •

In the United States, women in politics are no longer a novelty, but women in politics who no longer think of themselves as women in politics are still rather more than a novelty; they are the unusual.—*Adelaide Stedman in Christian Science Monitor.*

• •

Birth control among the Chinese is her new aim, says Mrs. Sanger. Meanwhile the armies of Japan will do what they can to make it retroactive.—*H. V. Wade in Detroit News.*

• •

"Relatives, trying to break the will of an Illinois woman who died at 74, have testified that she fell asleep at lectures." —News Item. The defense rests.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

• •

The H.O.L.C. has far from reached saturation point in its activities. Everywhere you go you see hundreds of persons evidently living in telephone booths. —*Washington Post.*

• •

John Garner is the right type of man for Vice President. He never talks until he has something to say, then doesn't say it.—*Buffalo News.*

• •

Mr. Farley, now speaking on the barbecue circuit, might dwell on the trials of the prophet, or why it is harder to figure 96 Senators than 45,812,155 sovereign voters.—*Senator Soaper in Los Angeles Times.*

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PEOPLE

Senator Black

A POMPOUS old Senate war-horse was unburdening himself of a lengthy oration on an important measure before the chamber. To the accompaniment of grandiloquent arm-waving, glittering gems of rhetoric rolled off his tongue in support of both sides of the issue. Neither friend nor foe could take offense. As he droned on, a slight, boyish-faced Senator fidgeted nervously. When the orator had at length boomed through his peroration Hugo L. Black, of Clay County, Alabama, yawned, stretched, and rose slowly beside his desk.

"There's just one thing I'd like to know," he murmured. "Is the Senator for or against this bill?"

The orator turned pink, sputtered, and blurted finally that if Mr. Black had listened he would know.

"I'm afraid that's just my difficulty," Black went on relentlessly. "I listened to every word of the Senator's speech and heard magnificent arguments on both sides."

The razor-edged wit of the gentleman from Alabama had drawn blood; and it was not the first time.

Hugo Lafayette Black is almost the small town boy who didn't make good. Had his rickety second-story law office in tiny Ashland, Ala., not been gutted by fire, he might have remained in a small-town groove for the rest of his life. As it was he had a good excuse for moving to Birmingham. Noting that the steel city's best legal talent was on the side of the corporations, he built up a practice among the labor unions. It was tough going, but eventually he gained fame as a mouth-piece of the underprivileged. With labor's backing he won a police judgeship handily in 1910 and held the office for eighteen months—the only judicial experience he was to have before his appointment to the United States Supreme Court. In 1914 he was elected city solicitor (prosecuting attorney) and was doing a thorough job of smashing gambling rings until he decided to join the 81st Field Artillery and help smash the Hindenburg line.

Political fever hit him hard in 1926. Four Alabamans were in a free-for-all over the Senate seat vacated by the late Oscar W. Underwood. Black rolled up his sleeves and pitched in. As teetotaler, Baptist, Odd Fellow, Shriner, Knight of Pythias, and Legionnaire, his chances were as good as the next man's. He clambered into an ancient Ford and stumped through every hamlet in the state. He said nothing offensive about the Ku Klux Klan. His opponents scorned him as "just another damage-suit lawyer," but the rest of Alabama, it seems, was for him.

In the Senate Hugo Black became a political paradox. A Southerner, he should have been a standpatter; instead he was a battling liberal. He fought for the Muscle Shoals power project; he beguiled colleagues into passing his 30-hour work-week bill; he became the Senate's ace scandal-prober.

Ocean and air mail contracts first came under Black's narrow-eyed scrutiny. The revelations which he spattered on front pages across the land in 1934 resulted in the cancellation of private air-mail contracts. When five army flyers crashed to their deaths trying to run the mail, press and public joined in tossing vitriol at Investigator Black.

ACME

HUGO LAFAYETTE BLACK,
on the day of his nomination

Two years later he got a larger dose of the same. Sleuths hired by his Lobby Investigating Committee pounced on some 5,000,000 telegrams suspected of being fake appeals to Congressmen to vote against the Utility Holding Company bill. "Legislative tyranny!" shrieked the press, and editorial writers pontificated for weeks about high-handed denial of due-process-of-law.

Black is serious about investigations and other legislative routine. He shies away from Washington parties. He used to play the piano or violin for relaxation. Now he spends his spare moments boning up on economics, his spare cash collecting old books. Occasionally he plays a round of golf—badly.

On Sundays he likes to tour the Virginia countryside with his wife and three children. It keeps his mind off politics, which, until his selection for the Supreme Court, was costing him sleep. His fight for liberal legislation, such as the Black-Connery wages-and-hours bill, had hurt him down in conservative Alabama. Indeed, many observers were predicting that 1938 would see Hugo Black on his way to political limbo.

But he won't have to worry about getting reelected now. At 51, he is offered a job that pays $20,000 a year for life—and good behavior.

Thumbnails

"FIN" PETRIE, bean-seller and "colyumist" to the Opal (Wyo.) population of "about forty people—sometimes fifty," entertained the New York press last week as the nation's best country correspondent, selected by the *Country Home Magazine*. "My rules," he divulged, "are just to report what I see an' mostly what I listen to. News is anything that comes into the store." He warned any guests who may visit his home that they will have to stay on the first floor, because Wyoming winds had long ago blown off all second floors.

• •

While multi-millionaire John Jacob Astor celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday, his father-in-law Francis O. French filed a petition in bankruptcy, listing $4,800 liabilities. Accustomed to shocking society by driving a taxicab and selling overcoats, after being wiped out in the stock-market, French listed among his creditors Wong Lee, Chinese laundryman, $1.48, and Western Union Telegraph Company, 38 cents. French detests social snobs.

Died

Eustace Cardinal Ilundain y Esteban, 74, Archbishop of Seville.

John Hodge, 81, British trade-union leader who became war-time Minister of Labor, 1917-18.

Alfred Wilm, 68, discoverer of duralumin, extensively used in modern aircraft and other light-weight construction.

Edith Wharton, 75, noted American novelist. Once she had four books published in a single year.

Charles Manley Smith, 69, Rutland banker; Governor of Vermont, 1935-36.

Joseph Augustus Blake, 72, famous New York surgeon who served French and United States armies notably in war-time.

General Bakr Sidky Pasha, 47, dictator of Arabian Iraq and former Turkish soldier. Assassinated at Mosul.

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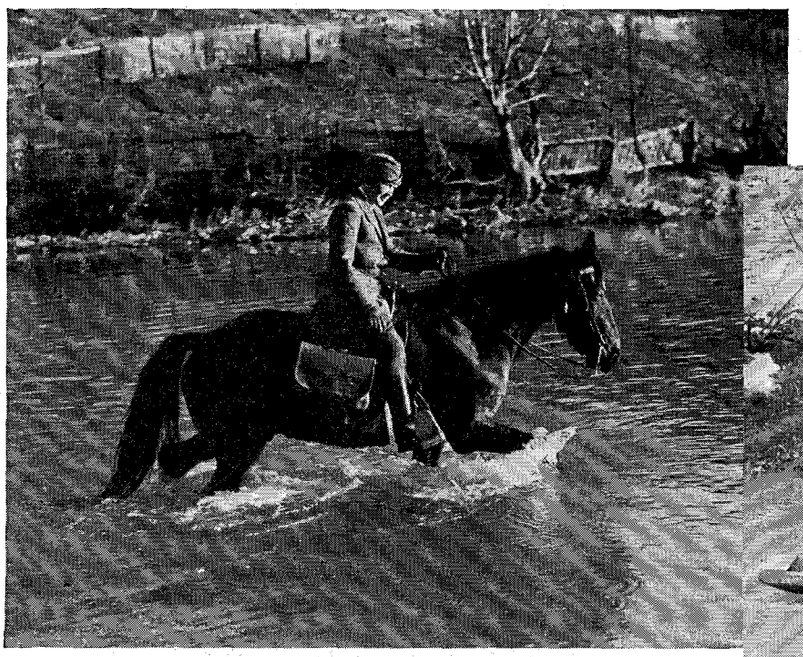
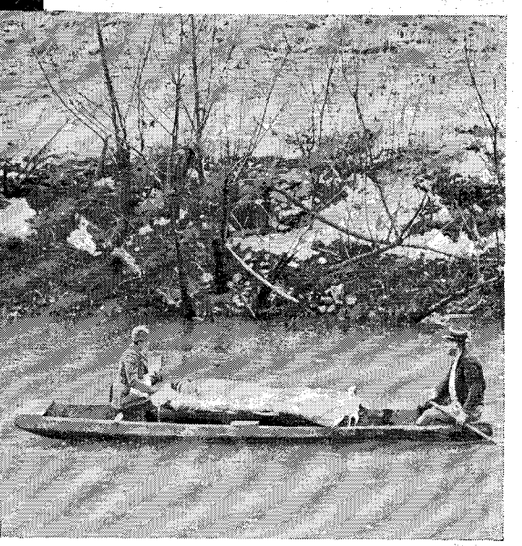


HARD-RIDING Frontier Nurses carry their medicine kits in saddle bags on their rounds in the Kentucky mountains



APPENDICITIS victim is carried—bed and all—to the hospital at Hyden while the Frontier Nurse brings the patient's 5-day-old baby

DIGEST PHOTOS FROM BLACK STAR

FRONTIER NURSE

THE FRONTIER is a real one—700 square miles of mountainous land in Eastern Kentucky, with no railroad, and only 24 miles of gravel highway, where horseback or mule-back are the only means of transportation and creek beds serve as roads.

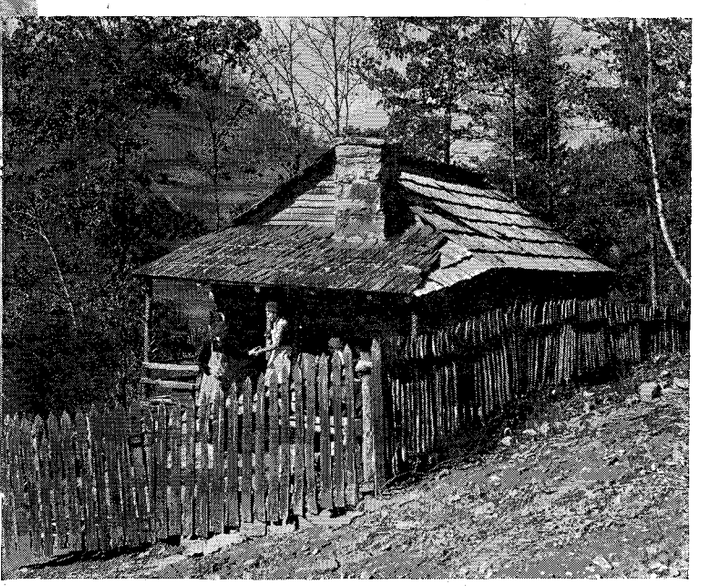
The nurses are a highly trained group of thirty women who have to be obstetricians, pediatricians, and stout horsewomen as well.

For all the territory they serve, and their meager equipment of one hospital of 18 beds, the Frontier Nursing Service, under the indomitable direction of its founder, Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, has a record that any metropolitan hospital would be proud of. In the eleven years of its existence, over 2,000 mothers have been attended in childbirth, with not one maternal death from obstetrical cause, more than 77,000 inoculations against communicable diseases have been given, and a vigorous campaign against trachoma and hookworm, those scourges of mountain folk, has been undertaken.

The mountaineers live under incredibly primitive conditions, but they are scrupulous about paying their debts. A bill of $5 will likely be paid in goods—three shoats, a rifle, two split-bottom chairs, or a load of hay.

'LEAST-UN' is the mountain name for new-born babies. Teaching mothers to bathe and care for their children is part of the nurse's job

ONE DIME for medicine is paid by a mountain woman where bills are geared down for people who rarely have $30 a year



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New York's La Guardia

DIGEST PHOTOS BY BOB LEAVITT

NEW YORK'S MAYOR is the easiest possible subject for an impersonator. The actor needs only to put on heavy-rimmed spectacles and a broad black felt hat and to charge about the stage like a sawed-off Mussolini.

That would be Fiorello H. La Guardia. He is short—only 5 feet 2 inches—fat, swarthy, rumpled in dress, often shrill. He gestures actively, stirs up a constant cloud of dust. For a large part of the time he seems to be going off half-cocked. That is a good act of his and frequently deliberate, but in fact his results aren't half-cocked. His record of sound accomplishment is sky-high and would be altogether a hard thing to impersonate.

For just one accomplishment, as a preliminary, consider his miracle of reversing the current of public opinion about his own election chances and making it flow back the other way. New York always has said and believed that no anti-Tammany reform mayor could ever be re-elected. He could have no second term. But New York knows today that Mayor La Guardia may be re-elected next November, and to many eyes he is the favorite in the race. Changing the public mind on this point was magic, no less.

The Republicans who helped elect La Guardia in 1933 are pretty sore at his pronounced New Deal progressivism. Even when nominally supporting him, a lot of them always have denounced him privately in terms ranging from "rough-neck" to "Communist." But Tammany Hall and the other Democratic organizations this year are violently split and have knives out for each other. The La Guardia-Fusion theory is that, after the primary on September sixteenth, the independent good government folk of the city will vote him back into office for the rare and undeniable reasons of honesty and competence.

As Mayor of New York, of course, he holds one of the world's biggest jobs. He directly affects the lives of more than 7,000,000 persons, spends an annual budget of more than half a billion dollars—the largest in America except that of the United States government itself. In case of his re-election, nothing could prevent his national recognition as a miracle man. William Allen White in his *Emporia Gazette* put in a claim for him last month for the national Republican leadership. On some ticket or another, yet to be determined, it is entirely possible that he may be making the race for President in 1940.

In classifying Fiorello, the Little Flower, one can't pass up the cactus family. A bit of wisdom he never mastered is that he that ruleth his spirit is

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FORTHRIGHT La Guardia, left, informs district boss who's mayor; above, turns to his desk to be puzzled by pros and cons of a bill from the Board of Aldermen

better than he that taketh a city. He took the city and let it go at that. Those who see most of him—city officials, a few rather disinterested big-time lawyers who advise him, newspaper men at City Hall—regularly carry lacerations of the spirit from contact with him. He has absolutely no compunctions against telephoning the city editors and trying to have reporters fired. Men who admire him and realize the great charm of which he is capable still have to laugh off his buzz-saw outbursts.

I remember an interview late one afternoon, begun in his office and continued on the way uptown to a radio broadcast. The Mayor has no perceptible shyness. A visitor is free to watch his swift work, overhear his conversations and slide in questions when he can. Even with a cameraman setting off flashlights, the Mayor plows ahead, never blinking. His only serious interruption is to relight his corncob pipe which continually is allowed to go out, the floor becoming littered with match sticks. About 4:30 o'clock this afternoon the Mayor began calling for the speech which he had dictated. It would be out soon; extra stenographers were typing it off. His restlessness increased. He rang bells and paced the floor, put on his hat, bewailed the indifference of his staff. The office was set on its ear. Finally, at 10 minutes to 5, the last girl, on the run, brought in the last page of the speech. The Mayor dashed for his car.

All the way to Radio City, his folding desk spread out before him and the light turned on, the Mayor read the speech aloud, timing it, cutting it down to his 15-minute allowance. At 5:20 he bounded into the broadcasting studio. His appearance amazed the attendants for the scheduled time was not until 6:15. He had raised all that fuss with nearly an hour to spare. But he was pleased as a child, and he knew his speech was a scorcher.

The Mayor can direct and channel his fury when he wishes. In the midst of a storm he is perfectly able to interrupt himself, marry a young couple with a flourish and bless them like an archbishop, then resume his tirade without loss of heat.

Late in the spring of 1934, while the city still was haunted by the threat of bankruptcy, the Sinking Fund Commission met to open bids on an issue of refunding bonds. The bids were extremely conservative, allowing the banks full advantage from the city's unfavorable position. Mayor La Guardia angrily seized the telephone and called one of the leading Wall Street bankers, head of the bidding syndicate. Some of his fellow members tried to stop him but the Mayor went ahead.

He didn't call the banker "Mr.," which was the first surprise. He proceeded to shock his ears with blunt personal gutter profanity such as the banker seldom heard. The city was being gouged for too much interest. The bid was above the rate promised. The banker was explicitly a liar. "And unless you come back here in twenty-four hours with a real bid," the Mayor shouted, "I'll just default on those bonds you have, and then where'll you be?" And it worked. It beat down the interest rate.

Nowadays with his organization running smoothly and his thirst for power somewhat appeased, the Mayor asserts himself less frantically. For once probably he is satisfied with his lot, accepts fate with a lighter heart. One morning last spring he was being rather severe to a commissioner when a secretary came in, received an order and grossly misunderstood it. The Mayor merely grinned. "You're so damned dumb," he said, "I don't see how I can help appointing you to be one of my commissioners." That remark revealed a vastly mellowed man.

Mayor La Guardia may be seen every week presiding over the public meetings of the Board of Estimate, that rowdy assembly of the elders at which the city officially hears the requests and complaints of its citizens and decides most of its policies. The Mayor was elected with a majority on the board, but the death of two key lieutenants reduced him to a minority member. He rocks gently in his swivel chair, slouching but alert, his glasses pushed up into his tousled black hair, a revelation of patience toward loud-voiced objectors and petty snipers. His manner is tired but coaxing and adroit—nodding with a quick bob of his head, puckering his lips thoughtfully, smiling confidentially to some pleader,

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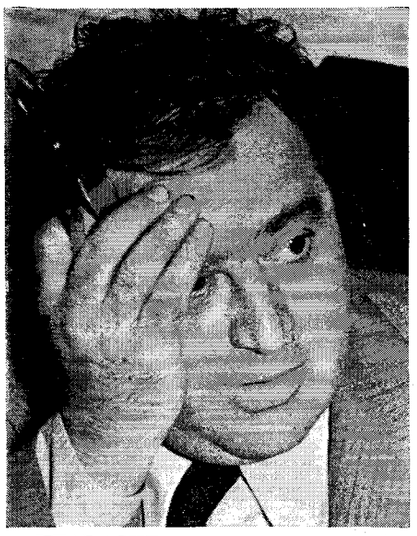
HEAD MAN of New York's household challenges a petitioner's arguments; right, faces sternly the darting fire of an interviewer's trick queries

the brakes seldom slipping on his temper here, constantly speeding up the business in hand. This view of him, his broad grasp of city affairs and the weight he carries in contrast to political jobholders, is a forewarning of his real stature.

Mayor La Guardia now is nearing 55. He was born in New York City of an Italian father, an Italian Jewish mother. Asked about his own religion, he answers, Episcopalian. His father was an army bandmaster, and the lad grew up in western army posts, rounding out his education at the high school in Prescott, Arizona. Later he studied law at the New York University night law school, working by day as an interpreter at Ellis Island and as a stenographer. He still occasionally jots down something in shorthand, but it's an antiquated system of shorthand which none of his office stenographers can read.



HEADACHE at the end of the day

Passing an examination for the consular service at 18, he was sent to Trieste and Budapest. By the time he returned home he had acquired a conversational and speech-making facility in Italian, French, German and several of the Croatian and Slavic tongues. Three years as interpreter at Ellis Island's immigrant station helped. When he went into politics in New York he added the highly useful Yiddish. Since 1916 he has been elected to seven terms in Congress, has been a war aviator, President of the Board of Aldermen, and Mayor.

From his boyhood he has carried along two skills—playing the cornet and cooking spaghetti. He showed off to best advantage in both of these while in Washington. As Mayor he hasn't had time for his cornet, and his Sunday evening spaghetti dinners have to be less frequent, although not entirely given up. Music is his relaxation; and he worships Wagner. He would rather have written Wagner's music, he earnestly declares, than hold any political office in the world. For years he has held a regular season ticket for the Philharmonic-Symphony concerts. In summer he drops in one or two nights every week at the outdoor symphonies in the City College stadium. He was a good baseball fan while in Congress. Nowadays he seldom sees a game except at the opening of the season, but he finds time for the big fights. When his season passes arrive for the city race tracks, though, he tears them into useless bits.

The La Guardias live in the same apartment that was home before his election, up Fifth Avenue beyond the exclusive section, at 109th Street. They have one servant. The apartment originally consisted of a living room, study, bedroom, dining room, kitchen and maid's room. But when the two small children were adopted three or four years ago, the landlord cut through a wall and added one bedroom for them.

Mayor La Guardia once told his domestic theories to a class of rookie policemen. "You have got to live modestly," he said. "I don't forget that men want to associate with me now, not because I am just Fiorello H. La Guardia. I never saw most of them before. Many Senators and Congressmen in Washington have gone wrong the moment they accepted their first engraved invitation."

Children make friends with La Guardia quickly, and he likes them. His own take an increasing share in his interest. For a public office-holder he spends an extraordinary number of evenings at home, playing with the children and getting to bed early. On the Fourth of July he devoutly reads the Declaration of Independence to them.

The Mayor in his time has campaigned with nearly all political parties. Originally sent to Congress as a Republican, when he ran again after the war as a medal-hung major he was endorsed by both Republicans and Democrats. Since then he has been a La Follette Progressive and, when the Republicans refused him the nomination, he ran as a Socialist and won. An angry State Senator, denouncing him last winter, was perfectly right in calling him, "not a Republican, not a Democrat or Socialist, but a damned soloist."—*George Britt*

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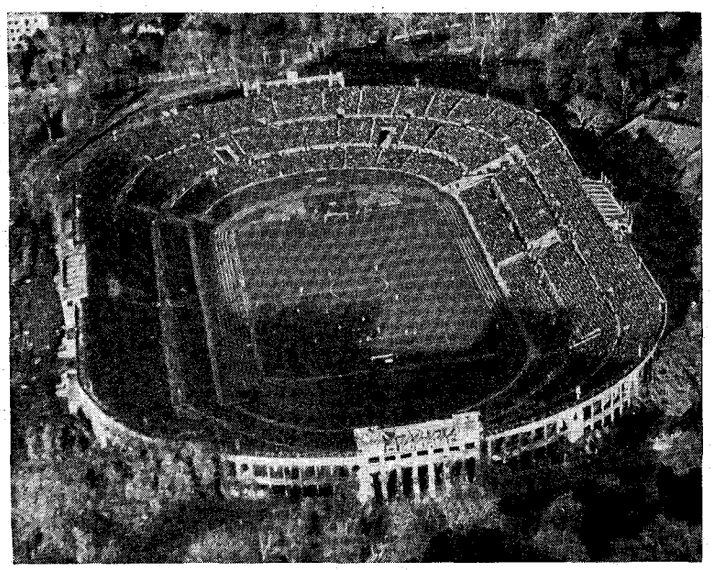
JAZZ MUZHIK—Dita Utyosova, at the left, sings to the accompaniment of the best jazz band in Russia—her father's, while those who prefer classical music can hear Albert Coates, below, directing in Moscow as well as New York

PHOTOS FROM SOVFOTO

CENTRAL PARK of Rest and Culture, Moscow, where 100,000 maskers held carnival. The stadium below is crowded for a football match between Turkey and the Moscow team

THE REDS AR



AVIATORS getting in some ground-work in their time off. He wears the summer uniform of the Red Air Fleet and she wears a parachute jumper's badge in her lapel

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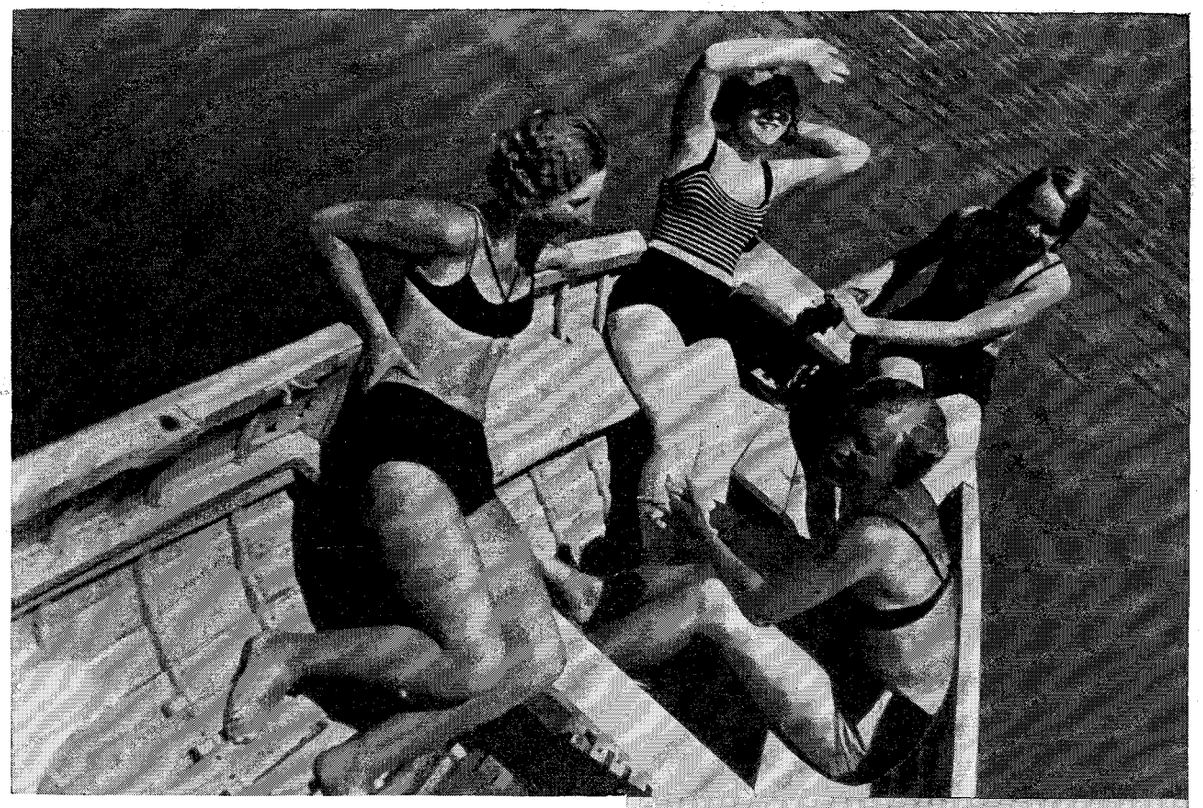
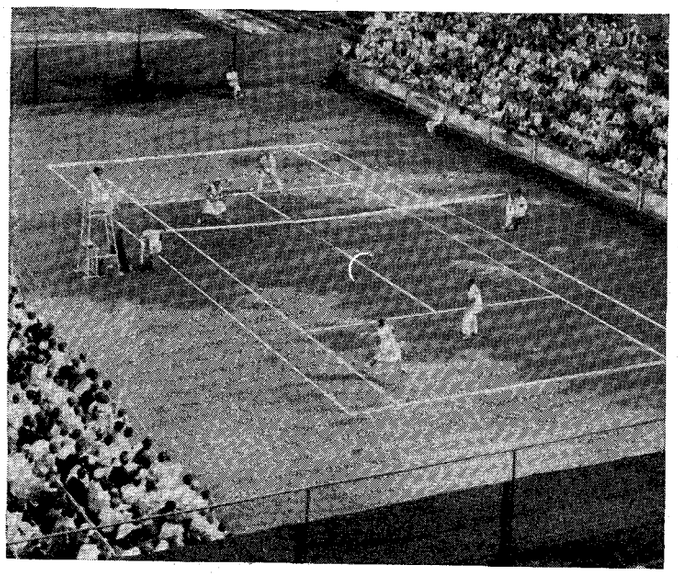
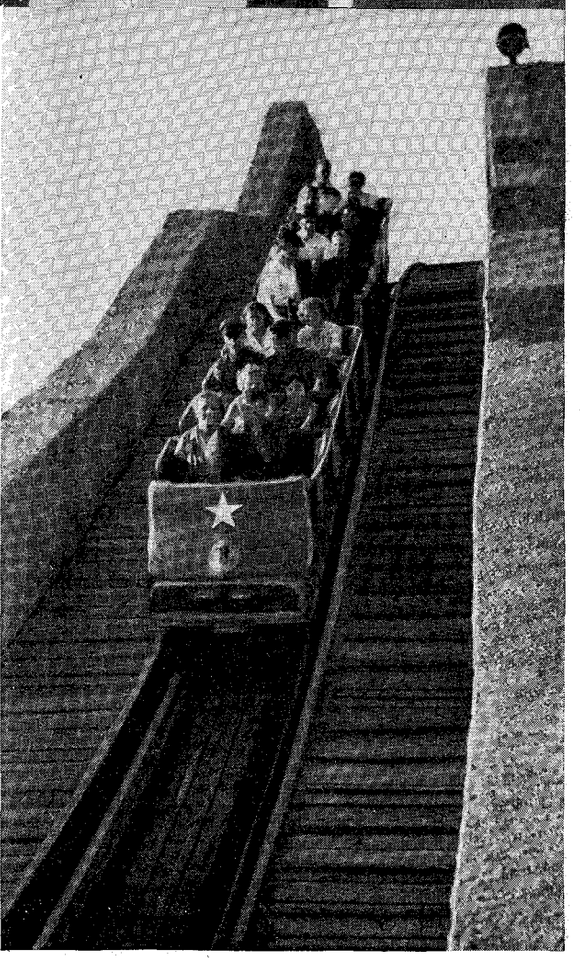


PERMANENT WAVES and bathing suits invade Crimea

:INGING THE BLUES

CONTRARY to popular belief, not all of the Russians spend all of their time on collective farms or in factories. They play, too, and within the past few years a brand new revolution has changed the tastes and manners of the USSR to an amazing degree. American styles in clothes, hair-dressing, and make-up have conquered not only the intelligentsia of Moscow but the factory girls as well; the villages have capitulated to the fox-trot; and bathing-suits, hot dogs, cross-word puzzles, eskimo pies, and radio have won in Russia an overwhelming—and bloodless—victory.





NOT CONEY ISLAND but a park in Leningrad boasts *this "American Mountain"* (Russian for roller-coaster). It looks like Forest Hills at the left but it really is Moscow during the USSR championship matches

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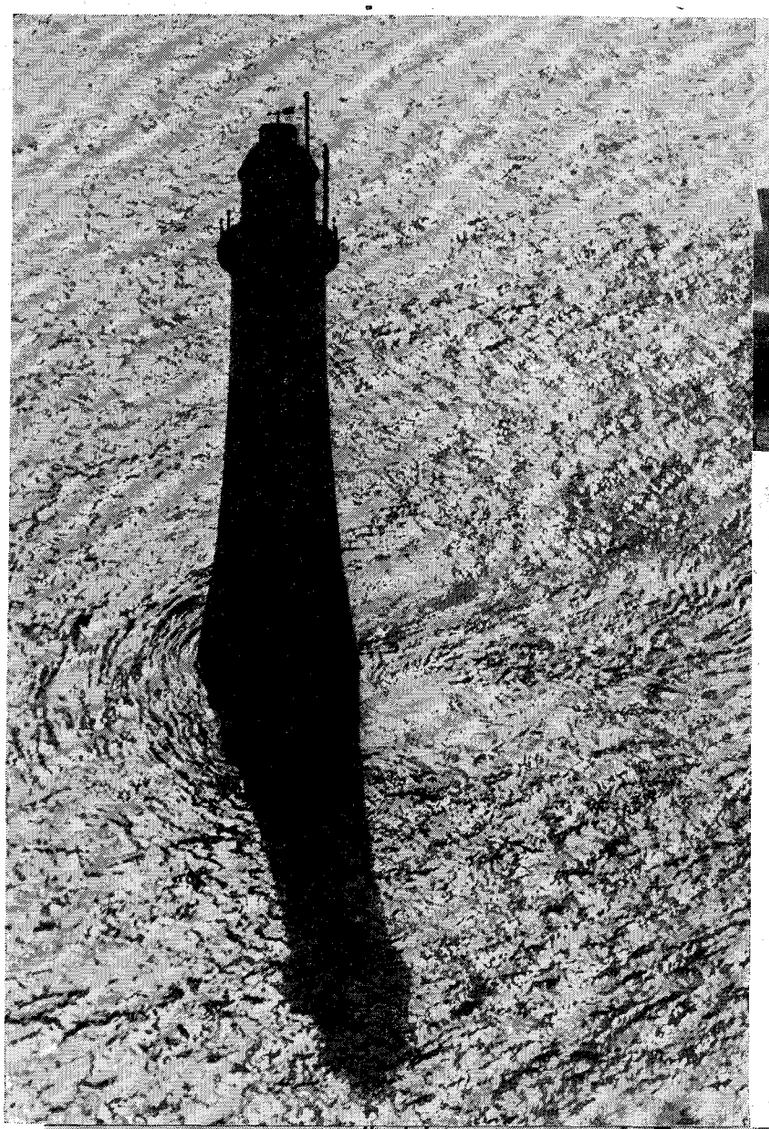


LIGHTSHIPS come to town for yearly overhauling

LIGHTS

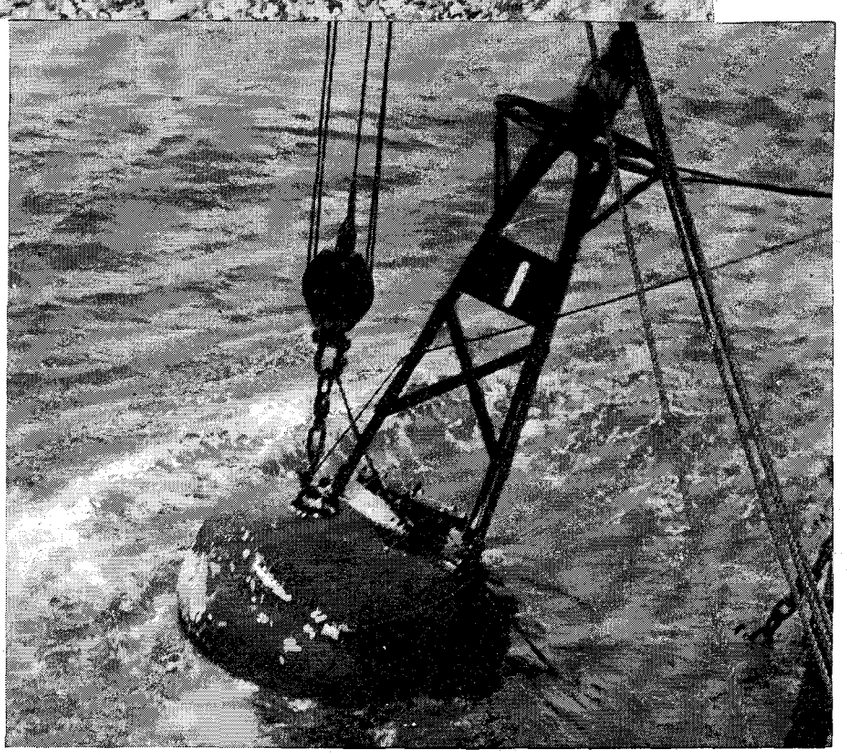
KEYSTONE PHOTOS

THE APPEAL of a lighthouse is endless: Edward Hopper sees it as a subject for a painting; Professor Einstein, as a place in which to think; and to most of us it recalls stories of heroism.

There are plenty of these stories from the drowning in 1718 of America's first lighthouse keeper with his family. This was the fate of one George Worthylake who undertook for the sum of 50 pounds a year to tend the new lighthouse on Little Brewster Island near the entrance of Boston Harbor. And still fresh in the public mind is the disaster of May 15, 1934 when the Nantucket lightship was rammed by the *Olympic* and seven of her crew were killed.

But not all of these adventure stories have sad endings. *"Old 105,"* as the lightship at Diamond Shoals is called, is the proud possessor of a letter of praise from President Roosevelt for the bravery and seamanship of her crew in the September hurricane of 1933. Diamond Shoals is fourteen miles off shore at Cape Hatteras, that savage coast, where in the last sixty odd years 272 lives have been lost in shipwrecks.

The equipment of these sentinels of the sea has changed greatly from the days when chunks of wood supplied the light. Wood was replaced successively by coal, candles, whale oil, kerosene, acetylene gas, and now electricity is used in most of the major seacoast lights. From the Navesink at Sandy Hook, the most powerful light in the United States, blazes a beam of 9 million candle-power. The new Nantucket lightship carries a compressed air two-tone diaphone (fog-horn to you) which can be heard over 35 miles, a submarine occilator that is audible for 60 miles, and a radio beam that carries 1500 miles. It is interesting to see, however, that despite the advance in equipment the lightships remain small —usually under 150 feet long.



SIXTY lighted buoys are among the 400 aids to navigation in New York harbor

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EDITORIAL

Triumph of hypocrisy

AN AURA of chivalry clung to the concept of war as late as 1914. War was something which required a declaration of intention before one struck at the foe. One gentlemanly nation seemed to say to another: "Take off your glasses; I'm coming after you." During the conflict thus formally inaugurated, both sides were supposed to observe certain rules regarding the taking and care of prisoners, rights of neutrals, immunity of civilian population, avoidance of pillage, protection of water supplies and other necessities of civilized life.

Merely smiting the enemy sidetracks a good deal of embarrassment. Armies can do as they please. Outsiders can excuse themselves for not fulfilling treaty obligations. The League of Nations has an "out"; the Kellogg pact does not apply. At the end of the killing, there is no peace conference or binding treaty. The aggressor remains in position to repeat; the aggrieved gets no breathing spell, is unable to secure solemn pledges for the future.

Observe how avidly the once-great powers swallow this hypocrisy. A declared war between Japan and China is discouraged as not quite clubby; it would force all parties to "fish or cut bait" on neutrality provisions, or require some to live up to treaties which might precipitate a major conflict. Therefore China is deserted by all save those who for their own ends counsel her to yield. Perhaps those who now advise surrender secretly intend to help China recover lost territory in the future. World peace is being bought at the price of Chinese land and sovereignty, which benefits everyone except the victim.

Once upon a time humble men expected their statesmen to reveal nobility as well as sagacity. We moderns see precious little of either in high places.

More speed whither?

ON THE high seas, governments encourage progress plus. The *Normandie* cost the French people a pretty pot of money, yet the odds are that she will never earn one franc net. That noble and beautiful ship breaks speed records both ways across the Atlantic, which perhaps compensates a prideful French peasant for his involuntary contribution to the building of a champion. Perhaps. French peasants are not often thought of in connection with generous giving and sporting enthusiasms, but rather as thrifty stay-at-homes who, if stirred to ocean travel, would choose slow boats.

All the affluent nations and some of the poor ones go in for this expensive exhibitionism. Britain spends on the *Queen Mary* the profits of a hundred tramp steamers which form the backbone of her merchant fleet. In this country the words "ship subsidy" were once a red flag to the people; now we have accepted the inevitable, meekly contributing public funds to facilitate the movement of goods as well as passengers. The ability of sovereign states to spend money foolishly is matched only by their skill and vigor in collecting it from Jacques, John, and Jonathan.

The South fights back

NEW POLITICAL issues take a long time smothering old ones. In debates on the housing and wages-and-hours measures, Congress reverted to ancient theme songs. One of these is the conflict of city and country. Another is the preservation of conditions which maintain the Solid South as a Democratic mainstay. The first is as old as the nation. The second goes back to ante-bellum days.

We dislike federal subsidies for housing, whether for slum dwellers or for hill-billies. Lending government money at low rates for housing projects, or using federal guarantees for that purpose, promotes trouble for both borrowers and lenders, as the recent flood of FHA foreclosures demonstrates. Thousands of distressed mortgagees would be better off if their mortgages had never been taken away from the banks. But the housing bill goes far beyond mere lending. Under it, land purchases are not included in costs; and a direct appropriation from the Government is designed to cover administration and provide a cushion against errors in calculation. These items are sheer subsidies and irrecoverable.

Opposition in Congress centered, not on these fundamentals, but on sectional variations in construction costs and on economic backgrounds. By establishing high maxima per family and per room, should Congress validate the high-wage schedules of unionized urban areas? If so, down would fall one of the South's chief attractions for industry—cheap housing, low rent, cheap labor. The natural advantage of a section, where life is tolerable in a comparatively flimsy and lightly heated house, would be overthrown.

Similar considerations, less successfully maintained, were raised by the South against the wages-and-hours bill. Can the South continue to grow industrially if bound in a legal strait-jacket which might be tightened at any moment by administrators taking only an academic interest in its low cost of living and by the inexperience of green hands? In certain lines, particularly textiles, the North has been losing to the South; this legislation looks to Southerners like an effort to rig the industrial race against them. The North leaped into the lead by setting up protective tariffs at the expense of the South a century ago; now that the South is adjusting itself to the economy forced by protection, this move toward standardization of wages and hours looks like another Northern plot.

The Southern revolt against Roosevelt leadership comes down to this: the Solid South has found a new reason to fight on the old battleground. Consequently its long-heralded breakup must be indefinitely postponed.

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READING AROUND

Lady in the Wind Tunnel

by Helen Waterhouse in The American Press

WHEN Dr. Wolfgang Klemperer, one of the designers of the airship "Akron" and a world-famous glider pilot, met me at the door of the wind tunnel room with the request that I remove my shoes, I felt that I was about to sign my death warrant. He explained that they were liable to be blown from my feet if I kept them on.

The donning of overalls and flying helmet came next, goggles were slipped over my eyes, and someone buckled on a parachute harness to which ropes were attached.

Everything moved with precision and speed. Had I wanted to back out of the experiment it was too late. As I stepped inside the tunnel room in my bulky garb, the sight of a row of solemn bespectacled scientists, each standing by some intricate instrument—and eyeing me with gleams of scientific interest, did not help much.

The huge vent of the wind tunnel was, in appearance, nothing but a great black hole in the floor—a hole without a bottom, over which was stretched a wide-meshed screening.

Dr. Troller assisted me on the screen—it was hard to walk in my stocking feet and the screen seemed frail and insecure. I had visions of falling through it to the bottomless pits below.

"Lie down," he said. I obeyed, stretching out full length on the screen.

Then someone gave a signal—"All ready," and someone else said in guttural German, "Gut."

From far away came a rumbling like the sound of distant thunder. Like an approaching train, the thunder came nearer and nearer and louder and louder. Suddenly it was an enormous roar, blotting out all sound of voices.

What had been but a gentle wind on my face and then a brisk breeze had changed to a violent hurricane, whipping the breath from my body.

But it wasn't as hard for me to breathe as I had feared. As the speed of the wind constantly increased, I felt my feet lifting slowly from the screen. My whole body rose slowly—always with the feet higher. Higher and higher I rose—until I was suspended supine in mid-air several feet above the screening.

Strangely, in spite of the terrific wind, it was not an unpleasant sensation. Rather it was much like the feeling of floating in the water, when the feet have a tendency to rise to the surface first.

The wind whipped and tore at the folds of my overalls. Suddenly I found myself tipping sidewise, "falling off in a spin." The scientists had left their instruments and were leaning in towards me. Grabbing at my arms, and holding the ropes of my parachute, they pushed me gently back into the wind stream from one side, then as I started to fall off at the other side, they pushed me back into the center again. A fall on the cement floor from that height would have resulted seriously had I floated out of the stream, they explained, afterwards.

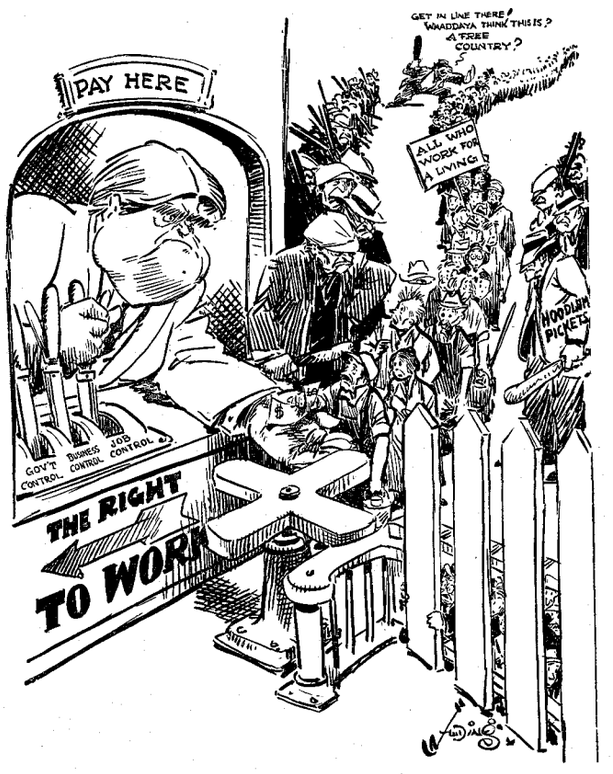
"Turn over," they commanded once, and obediently I tried to writhe awkwardly into a swimming posture. This time I felt like a bird, arms outstretched, carried through space in the incredible breeze.

Then Dr. Troller waved a signal to the man at a lever.

As suddenly as it had started, the mighty current of air was turned off and the roaring ceased, and gently, assisted by the willing hands of the scientists, my body sank back to the screening.

A very red flushed face, a slight headache, a roaring in the ears, and a feeling of great thirst were my only reactions.

"That thirst is because all the natural moisture of your skin was dried up by the big wind," said Dr. Klemperer.



Getting everything under control.—*Des Moines Register*

Jingle, Bells!

by Edwin Valentine Mitchell in The Horse and Buggy Age

A SINGLE small town in the hills of central Connecticut produced substantially all the sleigh-bells used in America during the nineteenth century. Thousands of sugar barrels filled with them were shipped out of the town of East Hampton, where at one time half a dozen concerns were engaged in making sleigh-bells. The largest of these foundries, in which the bulk of the sleigh-bells were made, still exists. Owned and operated for over a century by the same family, sleigh-bells are made there today, though barely enough to say so, since almost the only purchasers now are the Indians on the government reservations who use them in their ceremonial dances.

Many different patterns were used in sleigh-bell making. The commonest were the globe, band, and rim bells, which were either single- or double-throated; that is, the bells had a single slit in them to let out the sound, or two slits cut across each other at right angles. The bells were given a simple polishing, or a silver-white finish, or were plated with nickel, brass, silver or gold. The Bevin brothers made twenty different sizes of common sleigh-bells, ranging in diameter from seven-eighths of an inch to three and three-quarter inches. Strung together in clusters of a dozen, they were sold by the

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THE WORLD

BOOKS • HERE AND ABROAD

pound as loose bells or were wired or riveted to neck straps, body straps, or martingale straps. The number of bells on a strap depended on the size of the bells used. A body strap might have as many as sixty small bells, or a fewer number of larger bells of a single size, or assorted sizes. The price of a strap of sleigh-bells ran from a dollar to eighteen dollars, depending on the quality of the harness leather used and also the quality

DER MODEL: (Hitler, in addition to his other functions, becomes Dictator of Art) *—Birmingham Mail, England*

of the bells with which it was equipped. (Coward-McCann, Inc., $2.75)

How Gas War Began

by Franz Liepmann in Poison in the Air

In one of the early months of the War, when even the German General Staff had no serious thought of introducing gas warfare, a letter was penned by a sergeant stationed in one of the myriad trenches which disfigured the face of Europe like bloody scars. It was addressed to the Supreme Army Command and came into the hands of Colonel Bauer (who afterwards became Hindenburg's right-hand man).

Bauer's reading of the epistle, and his recognition that it really contained a brain wave, were momentous for the future of Europe.

Although the writer, Haber by name, was not a commissioned officer, before the War, he had been professor and leading authority at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institut für Physikalische Chemie in Berlin. As luck would have it, he was of Jewish blood and therefore it was impossible for him, even in war-time, to be granted a commission in the Prussian Army. There is no warrant for the rumor that the letter reached Bauer only because Haber was already a famous scientist. To Bauer, Haber was just a sergeant.

One day at roll-call, a special demand was made for Sergeant Haber, and the commander of his company notified him to make ready for instant departure.

"Whither away?"

"To the General Staff."

But on the road he was overtaken by a column of automobiles. In the first of these sat the colonel of the regiment, and in the succeeding cars was the staff. The colonel, a wizened little fellow, shouted to the famous man of science who was standing to attention by the roadside:

"Fellow, you can't go to the General Staff in that rig. Return at once to your quarters at the front and wait there for a few days. If you are not shot meanwhile, I shall have you gazetted lieutenant. It will be a damned difficult business, for they tell me you're a Jew. Then I shall telephone to the general headquarters, so that you can be promoted two further grades and become captain. You understand?"

"At your orders, Colonel; but I am sorry to say, sir, that I don't understand," rejoined the puzzled Haber.

The Colonel ran his fingers distractedly through his hair, and snapped back:

"You can't possibly report to the General Staff as a mere sergeant. If you were God Himself, you could not report to the General Staff unless you had attained the rank of captain."

There followed weeks of hard work, while Haber's plans for the abundant production of poison gas aroused continually more interest in the High Command. But on the day when the inventor officially communicated his finished plans for gas warfare to the leaders of the German Army, we learn from eyewitnesses, that, to the consternation of these leaders, if not to their horror, Captain Haber delivered the following warning:

"If there is even the remotest possibility that the war will last beyond the summer of 1915, reject all schemes for gas warfare. If you disregard my warning we shall be beaten by the use of our own weapon. Our enemies have a hundred times as much raw material as we, and, should the war last beyond the summer of 1915, they will have time to overtake us in our stride, and to drench us with quantities of gas enormously greater than we shall ever be able to produce."

It has never yet been divulged whether the German High Command felt convinced that a victory for their arms was imminent, or whether the authorities made light of Haber's warning. Anyhow, gas warfare began on April 22, 1915; and by summer, in hundreds of the Allies'

From dazzling light to utter darkness.—*Kansas City Star*

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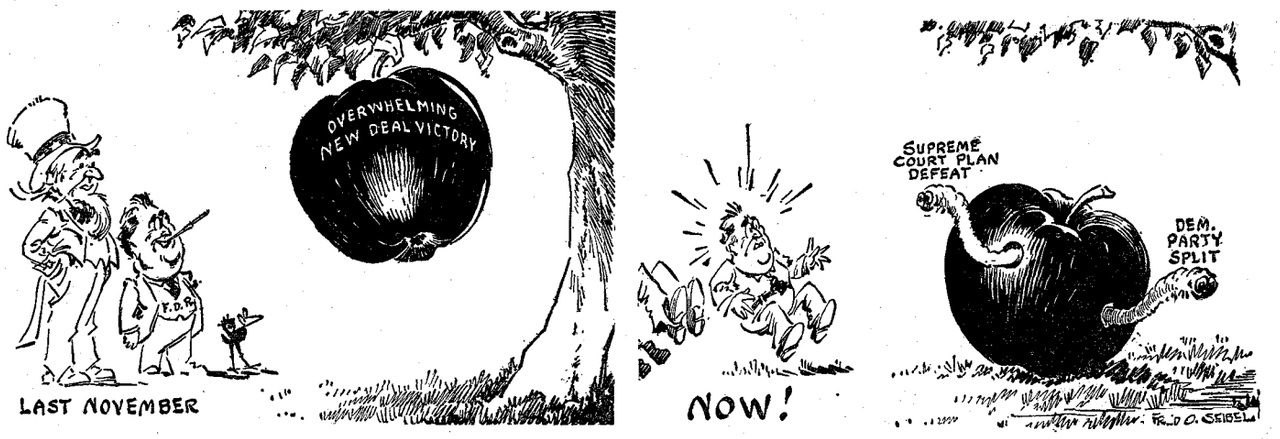

What came out of it.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*

factories and laboratories, thousands and thousands of persons were working overtime seven days a week at the production of poison gases. (J. B. Lippincott Co., $2.50.)

Treasured Tadpoles

in The Washington Post

PERSEVERANCE wins the day. After four years of unremitting endeavor a Hagerstown biologist, aided and abetted by two white frogs he discovered in Frederick County, has become the proud possessor of 20 albino tadpoles. For their contribution to science the happy parents have been given a place of honor in the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

Henceforth the little ones will be watched with the care, if not the publicity given to the Dionne quints. Solemn scientists will observe their gills go in and their legs come out. And there is reason for the solicitude.

Albinos are fairly common among mammals and fishes but the batrachians have always shown predilection for a little color in their news. They are willing to change styles, but not even fear will ordinarily make them turn white. Instead, it alters them from yellow to a brownish black. What kind of turn fright will give an albino tadpole is as yet undetermined.

Not science but their color, or lack of it, has set these tads apart. They will grow up to be little white frogs and a hard fate will force them to live their white and blameless lives in a common frog pond.

Man Struggles for Power

by Chester H. Rowell in the San Francisco Chronicle

THE struggle is all for power over others. The C.I.O. crusaders will compromise or arbitrate on wages; what they want is control. President Roosevelt was satisfied with the decisions the Supreme Court had been rendering, but still fought for power to control it. At the top of the remainder of his program is a bill, incidentally to raise wages, but primarily to do it by his power. The TVA incidentally controls floods, produces electricity and manufactures fertilizer. Primarily it is sought as putting the power in Washington to control private electric companies.

Hitler and Mussolini help the Spanish insurgents, ostensibly to confer the blessings of fascism on Spain but actually to extend their own power, as against France and England. The whole contest in Japan is between the army and the civilian forces, for power.

In the labor wars, the one irreconcilable conflict is over who shall have power.

The greed for other things is self-limiting. No one wants more than a certain amount of food, and he who habitually wants more drink after he has already had enough soon destroys himself. Personal achievement, whether to play tennis, to produce music, to write books, or to make things with tools, goes so far and is satisfied to go no further. Even money, if it would buy nothing but things, would soon pall when the things became more than could be used or enjoyed. But since it will also buy power to command the services and control the acts of others, the appetite for it is unlimited.

This is why our ancestors, in establishing this Government, were jealous of too much power. They knew that the first President would be George Washington, who would not abuse power and whose example would be a restraining influence on his successors, but they were unwilling to confer too much power even on him. They believed in government by the people, but they put constitutional limitations on the power even of the people, lest majorities deprive minorities and individuals of what should be their inalienable rights.

Most of all these founders of the Nation were afraid of too much power, or too much opportunity to seize power, for the President.

There is, to be sure, nothing sacred in the abstract doctrines of our ancestors. The principle of the division of powers had only recently been formulated in a book and was the intellectual fashion of the moment. The theory of the natural rights of man had been introduced into philosophy only a short time before and disappeared from it soon after. Their economic dogma of laissez faire is long outgrown. But behind these fleeting fashions of thought and devices of government there were permanent facts of human nature. The chief of these, that the greed for power is the only unlimited appetite, and that the best of men, unless restrained, can succumb to it, has been confirmed spectacularly, by the experience of the past six months. And the fact that the remedy for it is the balance of executive, legislative and judicial powers, with the judicial one charged with preserving the permanencies of the Constitution, has had its historic vindication.

Comic Strip Español

in The New Yorker

HAVING heard that the translation of comic strips for the foreign trade involves some interesting linguistic and moral problems, we dropped into the local office of the King Features Syndicate, the distributor of most of the funnies printed in the Hearst newspapers, and investigated. King Features, we learned, distributes comic strips to sixty countries, nineteen of which are Spanish-speaking. The forty-one non-Latin countries simply get their comics with the balloons left blank and a copy of the English text, which they are at liberty to translate as they please. Of this end of the business, it's enough to tell you that in Italy Donald Duck is called Paolino Paperino, and in Denmark Jiggs, of "Bringing Up Father," is simply called Gyldenspjaet. With nineteen countries buying Spanish comic strips, King Features finds it practical to have the translation done right here in New York.

The balloons are filled in with pure Castilian for all nineteen countries. Every country has its local dialect, of course, but Castilian is comprehended by all moderately well-educated Spanish-Americans. However, this involves a very careful choice of language because certain words, perfectly harmless in the original Castilian, have acquired in some coun-

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tries shocking idiomatic meanings. *"Cachucha,"* which in Castilian means simply "boat" or "waltz," means something quite unmentionable to an Argentine. Similarly, the word *"singa"* has such an awful meaning in Cuba that a character in "Little Annie Rooney" named Mr. Singapore had to be renamed Mr. Ali Baba. Whenever it's possible, proper names are literally translated, Donald Duck thus becoming *El Pato Donald,* and Mickey Mouse *El Raton Miguelito.*

Onomatopœia, the literal phonetic imitation of things falling, or breaking, or bumping together, is another problem for the translators "Bam!" and "Pow!" are roughly translated as *"¡Zas!"* and *"¡Pum!"* The latter also doubles as the report of a cannon, while a Castilian revolver goes *"¡Pac!"* When one man socks another a couple of times—"Slap! Slap!" or "Smack! Smack!" to us—it's always *"¡Pif! ¡Paf!"* in Spanish. Best of all, probably, is the noise a Spanish rock makes when it is heaved through a window: *"¡Cataplum!"*

North Pole Menus

in Journal de Moscou

THE Institute of Public Nourishment has prepared a stock of food sufficient to last the settlers who will winter at the Pole for two years. Some of the articles have been specially treated by a pressure process—cream, butter, caviare, cheese, chocolate, etc. Then come a number of concentrated products: meat, poultry, and soup.

The foundation of the settlers' daily rations are two tablets weighing 170 grams each, containing chicken that has been first roasted and then dried, with pork fat, and cooked and dried vegetables.

These tablets are better than the pemmican with which Amundsen, Scott and Peary equipped themselves for their arctic and antarctic expeditions. Pemmican is a mixture of dried meat and fat. It has to be cooked before eating, and is, besides, very monotonous fare.

Soviet pemmican has all the properties of ordinary pemmican; but, in addition, it has a very good taste, and one does not get sick of it. In ten or fifteen minutes it can be made into soup. Should no fire be available, it can be eaten with bread or cake. Two tablets of Soviet pemmican contain 2,200 calories.

The North Pole settlers will have four meals a day, and each meal will consist of three or four dishes.

Seeing-Eye Dogs

by Booth Tarkington in the Ladies' Home Journal

IN times now almost past the St. Bernard was in general our idea of the noblest dog, and his rescue of travelers lost in Alpine snows the most dramatically heroic of dogs' many services to mankind.

Today, another dog is becoming the prototype of man's best friend. Usually a prick-eared, alert German shepherd, though sometimes a Labrador retriever or other fairly large, intelligent, serious and neat-coated breed, this new canine hero is known by the work he does. He—or, more often, she—is a Seeing-Eye dog. By means of a stiff leather handle on his back he leads men and women out of blizzards of despair into hospices of friendliness and hope renewed; for he is the dog that guides the blind.

It is a fact that no Seeing-Eye dog has ever been struck by an automobile, let alone permitted his blind master or mistress to be struck.

Mr. Alexander Woollcott, from whom I first learned of this most moving of modern miracles, the Seeing Eye, found his high point of astonishment, I think, in the discovery that these dogs can be and are taught to protect their masters from overhead hazards. And indeed it is nigh incredible that a dog can so judge a man's height as to lead him under an awning, for instance, that clears his hat by inches, while alertly guiding him away from one low enough to graze.

When the Seeing-Eye dogs, unharnessed and unleashed, are sleeping on the floor after the day's work, many of them will get up and move out of the way of blind persons other than their own masters, while they don't disturb themselves at all for anyone who can see.

To blind people, and to those who are not blind in that inner eye we call imagination, there is dramatic crisis poignantly swelling those few minutes when Buddy, of Fortunate Fields, Switzerland, led Mr. Frank, of Nashville, Tennessee, down the gangplank of the ship that had brought them both from Europe, led him through the huge New York dock and out to the curb of roaring, racketing West Street.

Mr. Frank writes: "I gave the command 'Forward' . . . trucks rumbled in front and behind . . . yet Buddy was as calm as if she were at home in her quiet little Swiss village. The traffic was so dense even in that wide street that it must have taken us three minutes to cross. . . . As each second was ticked off, Buddy gave further proof that the blind of this country could be set free. When we reached the other side I was so happy I felt like shouting. I knew we had won."

There are some 250 blind persons in the United States today who know well what it was that Mr. Frank and Buddy won by that historic crossing of a city street—250 Seeing-Eye dogs have graduated from their Seeing-Eye college at Morristown, New Jersey, and therefore 250 blind men and women are today able to cross any street anywhere safely—much more safely than if they saw with their own eyes—and joyously, for those crossings of streets are symbols of their liberty.

Garden of Eden or tempting the serpent.—*Daily Herald, London*

"Since all the suspects have an alibi, it is simple. All we do is arrest the non-suspects."
—*La Canard Enchaîné, Paris*

Russian Religion

by Thomas L. Harris in Unholy Pilgrimage

I DOUBT whether religion is any more dead in U.S.S.R. than in the U.S.A. Only in Russia they have put the obituary notice in the papers—perhaps prematurely.

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Soon Spain will be all mine!
—*Arizona Republic, Phoenix*

Most young Russians think as little of religion as we do of Mithraism. It is a dead issue, but not itself dead. From the churches I visited, and from conversations I had it was perfectly clear to me that there is a remnant not by any means composed exclusively of old men and women. Whether this remnant will prove a saving or withering remnant I do not know—nor does anyone else.

Why do any young people go to church in Russia? Some go for the music; some go to please their parents or out of habit; some go out of sheer contrariness; for propaganda, like a powerful drug, has its reactions.

But the commonest reply to my careful questioning of young worshipers was exceedingly significant. There was nothing in secular life that dealt with the mysterious; there was nothing in secular life that dealt with men's inescapable solitariness, except a persistent and fruitless attempt at denying it. One girl whom I approached said hurriedly, "Of course I am not a believer."

"You come because you like the music?"

"No, not exactly. I come—oh, because though I enjoy my work and my activities, my comrades stick like lice in my hair. In church it is different. I can really be alone."

"Why not in art, or walking?"

"No," she answered, "that's not quite the same as coming here. Of course I don't believe, but I feel that it is good for me to be here."

Is there not in man a desire to become something more than man; is there not some awareness of the not human, the not social, a sense of the "wholly other," of the Alone to whom his solitariness flies? In a word, can there be any substitute for the worship of God?

The future of religion in Russia depends more upon the answers given to such questions than upon the activities of militant atheists and restrictions imposed by the state. If there is, as I believe, a genuine need in man to worship God then some way to meet that need will be opened.

What of atheism? There is a strong society of the godless, which claims a very large membership. And yet actual evidences of militant atheism I found hard to come by. In ordinary book stores I found no anti-religious books on display, and when I asked for them could not get them but was referred to the headquarters of Bezbozhniki (Atheists). Anti-religious post-cards and placards which were easily procurable a few years ago were not obtainable without exhausting search.

In the Park of Culture and Rest at Moscow I noticed one anti-religious caricature: Elsewhere, none at all. It would, however, be entirely mistaken to suppose that the comparative inactivity of militant atheism indicates a revival of religion. Quite the contrary: a dead fox makes no hounds bay. In the country and remoter parts of the U.S.S.R. atheism is much more militant. In the towns, the battle of the godless seems to have been won.

The fortunes of religion lie close to me, and I am better equipped to study religion than industry. Furthermore the lies and misinterpretations spread about the religious policy of the U.S.S.R. have done much to give Russia a bad press in quarters which otherwise were sympathetic. In America and in England, workers have consistantly asked me, "What of religion in the U.S.S.R.?"

But my chief reason for devoting so much time to a topic that my radical friends consider irrelevant and my ecclesiastical friends may consider irreverent, is that the unique factor in Soviet civilization is the complete exclusion of religion. Everything else is altered by revolution, but nothing else (except the Stock Exchange) has been condemned *in toto* by the revolution. Education, banking, literature, art, drama, medicine, science, industry, commerce, have all been more or less profoundly affected by twenty years of revolution, but all have survived and been claimed by Communism. The one characteristic human interest which has been denied, and whose final end is prophesied and hastened by the Communists is religion. Culturally, therefore, the distinctive feature of Soviet civilization is its deliberate, conscientious, militant atheism. (Round Table Press, Inc., $2.00)

Pensions Till 2037

in The Boston Herald

THIRTY-NINE years after the Spanish war—just a few weeks ago, to be exact, when the nation was excited about the Supreme Court bill—one branch of Congress, the House, voted to give $60 a month to every veteran of that war who attains the age of 65.

It is now less than twenty years since the world war, but organizations of veterans of that war are already quietly lobbying for a similar grant. Indeed, efforts were made in the House to attach such a provision to the Spanish war veterans' bill.

At present only about 13,000 world war veterans are 65 or older. But by 1962, government statisticians estimate, there will be more than 2,000,000 of that age! If all of them were granted pensions, irrespective of need, the cost to the government would run over a billion a year from 1960 to 1968. The total cost would probably exceed $20,000,000,000, or nearly as much as the nation has spent on aids to veterans since its beginning, and more than five times as much as the bonus already given to world war veterans.

This, however, is probably putting it low. The $20,000,000,000 estimate goes only to 1996, when virtually all the world war veterans will have died. But if Congress embarks on a generous pension policy, it will probably include the veterans' widows, and many of them will undoubtedly live well into the next century. A widow and daughter of veterans of the war of 1812 are still receiving pensions from Washington. So it is reasonable to suppose that dependents of veterans of the war of 1917-18 will be alive in 2037!

Geisha Girl's Exit

by Bob Davis in Oriental Odyssey

WITH the influx of Western ideas, the modern style of dancing in couples, to say nothing of "this new freedom," which has swept down upon the world, the Geisha girl is facing a type of competition in which intellectuality, deportment, knowledge of etiquette, and familiarity with the classics is receiving what is known as "the raspberry."

Unsung heroes: "It would have been so easy to avoid 8 milliards extra duties by using my plan to levy 9 milliards of taxes."—*Oeuvre, Paris*

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Johnnies, boy friends, former little playmates and hangers-on are not identified with the life of a Geisha. All types of non-producers presuming on old friendships and powers of attraction are null and void in Geishaland. All emotions, openly requited, spell finish for Miss Butterfly.

The only way a Geisha can retire with grace is to pay up out of her own pocket whatever is due for tuition or succeed in winning the affection of a worthy man who will take her from bondage, make her a wife and the head of his household. Once out of the profession, she must stay out.

Underneath her skin, the Geisha, despite years of restriction, in a sense isolation, is kin to the sister who gets much of her schooling from the silver screen. She sees, rather suddenly, a new world unreeling before her eyes; a world where bobbed hair, lipstick and a dash of face powder turn the plain girl into a shining rival winging her way fancy free through the Flowery Kingdom to the complete satisfaction of the "tired business man" who prefers the intoxicating blare of the slip horn and the saxaphone to the milder music of the sami-sen, played by a lone lady seated on a straw mat. The natural flappers have clipped the wings of the trained Butterflies. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., $3.00)

Nuisance Numbers

by Samuel B. Scott in Algebra for Parents

We are all so familiar with the way numerals look, that it seldom occurs to anybody to wonder why the places run from right to left instead of from left to right. Thus when reading a number, as for instance: 1,256,472, we start at the left and say: "One million, two hundred fifty six thousand, four hundred seventy two," but in order to know that the first figure was in the million place, we had to start at the period and count back toward the left. Would it not really be easier, both to read and identify our numbers from right to left? Then the number we have just mentioned would be read: two and seventy and four hundred and six and fifty and two hundred thousand and one million. With our present habits, it is undoubtedly harder to manage a number this way, but if we disregard habit and look at the matter merely in the light of reason, it is evidently better not to have to stop and reverse our motion every time we want to be sure how to read a long number.

The trouble, of course, originated from the fact that Arabic is written from right to left. When the Arabs came to develop their discovery of the importance of place significance for the numerals, they naturally started the lowest place at the right and the higher places in order to the left. No little Arab would be bothered by this. He would read and identify his numbers in the same direction and have no feeling of upsidedowness as we have When the Arabic method was adapted to European languages, no one seems to have noticed that the plan of reading from left to right was going to make an unnecessary complication, unless the way of placing the numerals was reversed also. (Magee Press, $2.50.)

CARTOON OF THE WEEK—Taking another look.—*New York Herald-Tribune*

Quick-Frozen Foods

by J. D. Ratcliff in Collier's

Meat, if frozen properly, can easily survive for twenty millenniums. Furthermore, there is evidence that more plebeian things than mammoth steaks—strawberries, lobsters and asparagus, for example—become practically immortal if chilled properly and kept at a sufficiently low temperature.

This new knowledge hasn't been used merely to amuse a group of fact-seeking research men. On it rests a brand-new industry.

The new quick-frozen foods industry was born during the depression and today is in about the same position that the canning industry was in fifty years ago. Each year since its inception it has grown at least fifty per cent over the previous year. If it continues to grow—there is every indication that it will—count on it for a heavy proportion of the victuals you will eat in your old age.

It is making all manner of goofy things possible: oyster stew in August, and corn on the cob for Christmas dinner; asparagus in October and strawberry shortcake for Thanksgiving. The industry's ability to laugh at the calendar rests on the fact that its foods may be months old. But its oysters taste just as fresh as if they had just been scooped out of Chesapeake Bay, and its corn just as tender and sugary as ears pulled a few hours before.

Against nature, you might think. And you certainly cite illustrious examples to establish your point. Freezing, you may properly contend, turns potatoes black and peas brown. It makes them leathery and inedible.

But *quick* freezing doesn't.

Thirty years ago, Planck, a scientist, was bent on discovering new freezing principles. He found that in freezing any

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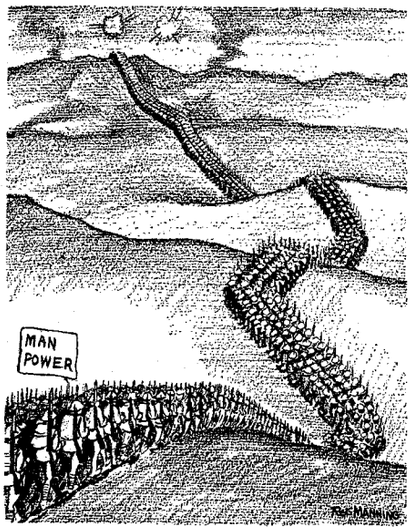

The Great Wall of China.— ***Arizona Republic, Phoenix***

fluid there was a zone of maximum crystallization. Simplified, this simply means that in a certain temperature zone the biggest crystals are formed. He found this zone to lie between 25 and 31 degrees F.

You'll find these foods in the retail markets of a relatively small section of the country. However, they reach institutional outlets in forty-five states. You've certainly eaten the quick-frozen peas on railroad diners and the flounder fillets in hotels. The retail outlets have lagged behind for the quite simple reason that packers, in their wildest flights of fancy, have been unable to foresee with what enthusiasm the public would receive their products.

There are 30-odd companies in the field and they are packing over fifty varieties of foods. Their fruits range from peaches to young berries; their meats from link sausages to beefsteaks. In the poultry line they pack broilers and turkeys and they can supply nearly any vegetable you can name. Plans are now being laid for a bigger 1938. In all likelihood packing will start shortly after Christmas in Puerto Rico or the Virgin Islands.

Potentialities can only be estimated. There seems to be no reason why a country with a war on the way couldn't stock prime vegetables to supply food needs for a period of years. Also, there seems to be no reason why Biblical rules of economy shouldn't be followed by stocking up in fat years with food to be eaten in lean years.

Puppet Emperor

in the Philippines Free Press

ON THE ebony throne of Manchukuo sits a pale young man who would rather go bicycling. A puppet all his life, he ascended the dragon throne of China as the chubby little nephew of the tyrannical Empress Tzu Hsi, abdicated after the Sun Yat Sen revolution, was popped back on the throne for a few days by a swashbuckling reactionary general, went into retirement until 1934 when he was crowned Emperor Kang Teh of Manchukuo by the Japanese.

A puppet's life has compensations: all Kang Teh has to do is to look nice in his orchid and dragon robes, the mystic figurehead that Japan's generals need to distract 30,000,000 Manchurian patriots. In private he can indulge in his hobby of photography, or ride around his garden doing tricks on his bicycle. He can pedal with the rear wheel alone, with the front wheel in the air.

But a puppet's life has dangers too. Kang Teh dares not leave his palace in Hsinking unguarded. For the last two months a dangerous undercover revolt has been shaking the Chinese frontiers of his empire. Patriotic volunteers, of the ragged type conveniently called bandits by the Japanese, have been defeating his trim Manchukuan battalions with disconcerting regularity. Far away Chiang Kai-shek watches.

Until last week Kang Teh was perhaps only vaguely troubled by the distant wars. Then a coolie joined the revolution

"Daddy, what makes the cost of living go up?" "The cost of dying, my son."—*Daily Herald, London*

in peaceful Hsingking. He got into the imperial palace as a servant. One day as he was cleaning Kang Teh's floors, he did not make the proper obeisance before the orchid emperor. Instead he stabbed him in the back. Wild reports broke through the Japanese censorship that the emperor had developed a high fever from his wound, but this week there was an absolute petrified silence. Puppets live only at the orders of the master; they are not allowed something so inconvenient as to die.

Going with the Wind

by Belle Rosenbaum in Scribner's Magazine

GONE WITH THE WIND was published June 30, 1936, and by Christmas of that year it had sold a million copies, setting a record as the fastest-selling volume in history. It is 1037 pages long, and if all the copies sold to date could be piled one upon another, the stack would be two hundred and fifty times taller than the Empire State Building.

The Hollywood producing firm which bought the motion-picture rights has received 100,000 letters suggesting various film stars for the rôles of Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler, leading characters in the novel.

A New York taxicab driver has claimed the record for reading the book through in the shortest possible time—eighteen and a fraction hours. The average is a week, though it can easily be done in three days with time out for meals and sleep. If all of the 50,000,000 Americans who are old enough and literate enough to read the book were to follow this procedure, the time expended would amount to 410,000 years, or, in round numbers, infinity.

Nothing like it has ever happened in the publishing industry. *Anthony Adverse,* a forerunner in size and romantic appeal, was a tremendous seller for two years, but it sold a mere 300,000 copies in its first six months and only about 750,000 in three years. The combined books of Joseph Conrad, at the height of his fame, sold a million copies in five years.

First Non-Aggression Pact

in Lu, Paris

THE first treaty of non-agression was signed three thousand years ago according to Dr. Joseph Struzavic, famous Viennese historian. The high contracting parties were the Egyptians and the Hittites. Their agreement, consisting of eighteen articles, was engraved on silver tablets. Its main proposition, "A convention of peace and eternal friendship," with its provision of arbitration in case of any subsequent dispute between the two contracting powers showed that diplomacy has changed but little in three thousand years.

The final clause alone would hardly figure in a modern treaty. It calls down the wrath of both Hittite and Egyptian deities on whosoever should first break the pact.

AMERICANS AT THE EXPOSITION: "Surely these foreigners know that we are in the midst of a revolution?"—*Oeuvre, Paris*

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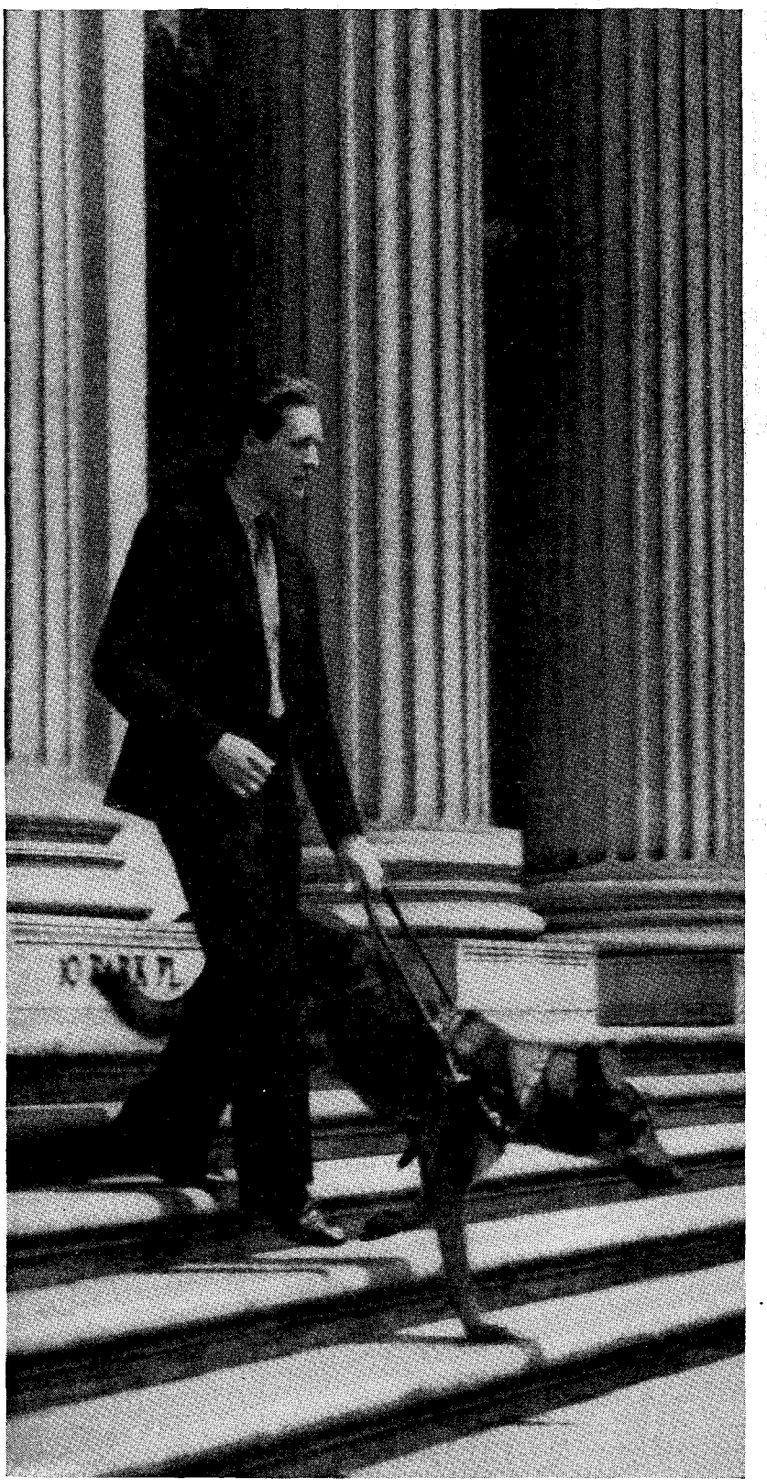
The Seeing Eye



"FREEDOM AND A FRIEND!"

Guided by the watchful eye and faithful care of dogs trained by The Seeing Eye organization in Morristown, N. J., many blind men and women are today going about freely and safely.

MOST blind persons say the world is kind. Everyone with whom they come in contact wants to help, but only a few of the sightless men and women in this country are able to have Seeing Eye dogs.

Too many people take their own "seeing eyes" for granted. They fail to realize that neglect may lead to blindness. It is estimated that the eyesight of more than half of the 114,000 blind persons in the United States could have been saved by modern medical science had steps been taken in time. Much of the trouble is due to neglect of the eyes during infancy and early childhood. Surely this knowledge should prompt everyone—especially parents—to guard against the tragic waste of human sight.

What are the causes and what are the symptoms of imperfect eyesight?

Nearsightedness, farsightedness and astigmatism are the most common causes of eye trouble, which usually can be corrected by glasses. Diseases of the eye, involving permanent impairment of vision, are extremely serious. Sometimes they are the result of unsuspected kidney disease, diabetes, or syphilis, and if untreated may eventually lead to blindness. Expert medical care is essential.

Common symptoms of eyestrain may be "diminishing vision," severe, recurring headache, insomnia or dizziness. People may fail to realize the damage done to the eyes by carelessly straining them in dim light. It is harmful to read in bed unless the head and shoulders are propped up, the page well lighted and held below the line of vision. Never use eyewashes, ointments, salves or other remedies unless advised by an eye specialist.

As people grow older there is a gradual lessening of elasticity in the lens of the eye. The muscle does not work as freely as it did formerly. It becomes more and more difficult to read and see close work clearly without corrective glasses.

Testing the eyesight of school children is required by law in most States, but no law compels adults to have their eyes examined regularly. Every grown person should see an eyesight specialist at least once in two years, if he or she would continue to enjoy the blessing of good vision.

We shall be glad to send you, free, the Metropolitan booklet "Care of the Eyes." Simply address Booklet Dept. 937-V.

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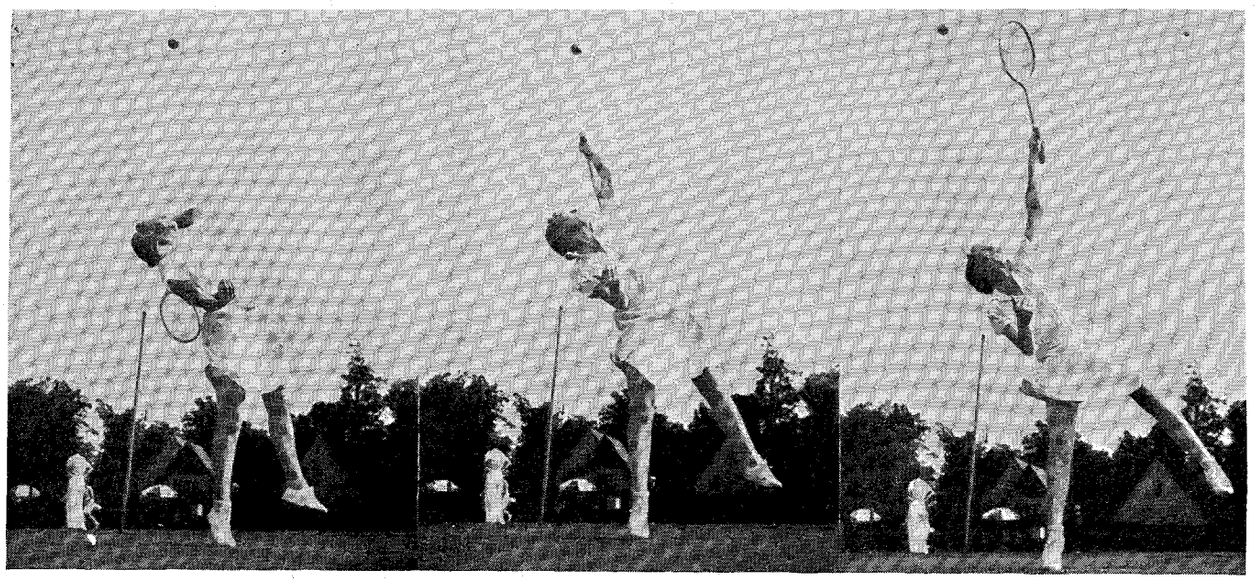


INTERNATIONAL

SPORTS

Tennis at Forest Hills

A SUMMER full of tennis is climaxed by the national tournament at Forest Hills, Long Island, next week, on the spacious grass courts of the West Side Tennis Club. Again our tennis moguls will mix men's and women's championships, to please both players and fans.

Youth dominates the courts this year, perhaps as never before. Budge, Parker, Grant, of Davis Cup fame, are all around 21. The season's outstanding player (while they were abroad) has been 19-year-old Robert L. Riggs of California. Conspicuous also has been John McDiarmid, youthful though a member of Princeton University faculty.

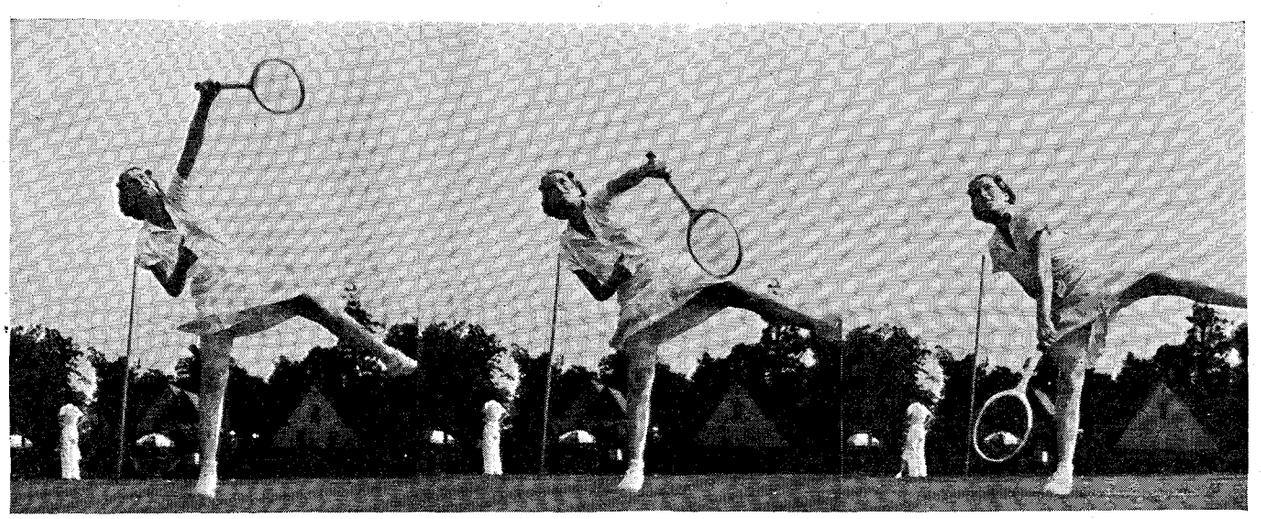
Donald Budge, undefeated this year at home or abroad, should walk through the men's tournament where last year he lost a hair-raising final match to Fred Perry, who at once turned professional. The sole matter of speculation concerning red-headed, freckle-faced Don Budge is not whether he can turn back all present-day opponents, but whether he can resist, immediately afterward, the lure of $50,000 or so in exchange for his signature on the dotted line.

Those who hope that he will stay simon-pure dwell upon the glory of being "tops" in what is still the greatest amateur sport in the world. These are largely tennis officials who will become nobodies if professional tennis grows more popular. But fifty grand is a lot of money for a youngster who has taken some years to reach the peak, and who presumably is more interested in a business career that is beginning than in a sports career that all too soon will be ended by the flashing racket of some younger player.

Each year the promoters of professional tennis—indoors, on a winter circuit—raise the lure. Vines and Perry yielded; why not Budge? And another star next year?

In women's tennis we find Helen Wills Moody retired, and Helen Jacobs (champion, 1932-35) passing out of the picture. Alice Marble will defend the crown she won last year. Her chief worry should be our Polish visitor, Jadwiga Jedrzejowska (call her Jad or Jed, as you please). They met in the finals at Sea Bright on July 31, and in the eastern grass-court championship on August 14. Alice won the first match and Jad the second; but earlier and abroad the Polish girl won three times in a row.

Our fast magic-eye camera shots on this page show dynamic Margot Lumb, member of the British Wightman Cup team which came over to play our leading women racket wielders at Forest Hills last week and remained for the national championship. The camera shows how women's tennis has changed, even since the days of Queen Helen I and Queen Helen II, neither of whom was ever so undignified.



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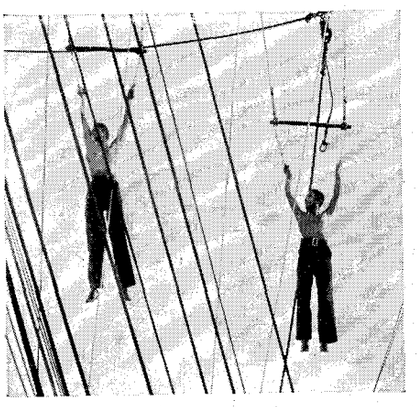
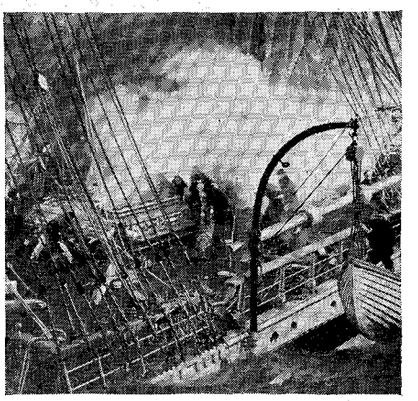
1. PROSECUTION charges Gary Cooper with maritime mass murder on a burning ship



2. ACCUSED of slaving, Cooper and Raft hang till they confess

3. ABOLITIONIST at heart, he has just killed her slaver brother

MOVIE of the WEEK



4. FIRE—and the start of mass drowning which put Cooper on trial

Souls at Sea

LET'S assume that every one will go to *Souls at Sea,* Paramount's memorial to vim and valor on the high seas, and skip right away to one of the most curious performances a Hollywood studio ever pulled. Every one will go because it's a swell show—except the benighted man whose heart doesn't pound at the sight of full-rigged ships charging before a spanking breeze.

Yes, it is a good picture, but not because of its plot. That is a matter of small importance in the face of an entertainment scale so generously weighted with the slave trade, a shipwreck, a maritime trial for mass murder, a harrowing torture scene, fire at sea, Gary Cooper, George Raft (as a tough guy and deleted, praise God, of his bear-grease) and reel upon reel of topping marine photography.

Even the most careless observer, however, will wonder why Mr. Cooper, charged in court at the beginning of the film with willfully drowning half a shipload of people, actually murders only one person as the movie flashes back to reenact the story that caused the trial. Apparently many faces in *Souls at Sea* were left on the cutting room floor. There is another *non sequitur,* guaranteed to get a laugh, though it wasn't so intended.

First crack out of the box a subtitle announces that the picture is based on a trial for murder on the high seas which took place in Philadelphia nearly a hundred years ago and became a *cause célèbre* on two continents. "However," and the statement proceeds whimsically to advise the public that the characters are fictitious and the facts by no means to be accepted literally.

Why Paramount, having unearthed a corking yarn out of the forgotten files of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, substituted pure fiction for many of the most important and dramatic facts, no one knows. And why, further, did it shoot 75 reels only to use 9, particularly when 9 fail to complete the plot? Facts: on the night of April 19, 1841, the packet William Brown, Liverpool for Boston, rammed an iceberg and stove in both her bows. The whole crew escaped into the jollyboat and longboat with 32 passengers, leaving 31 (half of whom were women) aboard the drowning ship. Alexander William Holmes, member of the crew, finding the longboat overloaded, appointed himself the jury of who should live and who should not. He fed seven passengers to the briny deep. Two were sisters whom he chucked because they raised an awful hullabaloo when he poured in their brother. A passing ship rescued the survivors almost immediately. Holmes was convicted, but spent only six months in prison.

Fiction: Gary Cooper plays Holmes, re-named Nuggin Taylor. He becomes a god-like abolitionist in his cinema reincarnation. The only man he murders is the villainous brother (Henry Wilcoxon) of the girl he loves (Frances Dee). This because Hero Cooper knows Scoundrel Wilcoxon is a secret partner in a secret slave syndicate which the former is on a secret mission to destroy. Grover Jones, scenarist, saw fit to substitute a fire for the iceberg and keep Cooper pure Fauntleroy by having George Raft knock him cold and throw him in the longboat. He neither hogs a woman's place nor drowns any one. The passing rescue ship never made the screen grade at all, forcing the spectator to the conclusion that the mighty Cooper rowed his longboat halfway across the Atlantic to safety. In the end he gets Miss Dee instead of jail.

The cast, in addition to the ever personable Gary and the newly personable Raft, includes Joseph Schildkraut in a hilarious shipboard fencing sequence. Henry Hathaway's direction has the zip he put in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer.* Although the plot teeters, Hathaway has made *Souls at Sea* a handsome and lusty sea tale—inferior, of course, to the miraculous *Captains Courageous,* but cuts above *Slave Ship.—Donita Ferguson.*

ALSO—

Ourselves Alone (Gaumont-British)—Irish drama. Technically and authentically superior to the rest of the Celtic epidemic, but less speedy. For select audiences who winced at *The Informer's* Hollywood flare. Sinn Fein leader's sister in love with Black-and-Tan officer. With John Lodge and John Loder who will double flip every female cardia without irritating her consort!

Artists and Models (Paramount)—Musical. Crammed with quips, cranks and flashy numbers. Adult and novel—in spite of its title. Jack Benny and a big cast.

Mr. Dodd Takes the Air (Warner)—Comedy (sic) with songs. Kenny Baker, assisted by Alice Brady and Gertrude Michael, makes a valiant attempt to turn a C. B. Kelland formula story into another *Mr. Deeds.* It is about a crooner. 'Nuff said?

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BUSINESS

What's in a name?

SHOPPERS for drugs and cosmetics in the Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania department store of Fowler, Dick & Walker were surprised this week to find on its counters 48 of the 1,350 "private" brands of R. H. Macy & Co., probably the biggest department store in the country.

Explaining the anomaly of one department store selling the products of another, Paul Hollister, vice-president of Macy's, declared that his company, through its subsidiary, Supremacy Products, Inc., will sell its private brands (products made exclusively for Macy and packaged under its label) not merely to the Wilkes-Barre store but to retailers in other areas non-competitive with Macy outlets. More important, the products will be sold on a "price free" basis, which means that retailers are permitted to re-sell Macy products at any price they choose.

Macy is the foremost champion of price free merchandise, has fought tooth and nail such price-fixing measures as the Feld-Crawford Act in New York State. Typical of Macy's campaign against price fixing is its advertisements, depicting on one side a nationally advertised product, for instance, aspirin, selling at its fixed price (in New York) of 59 cents, and contrasted with Macy's aspirin, pictured on the other side, selling for 18 cents.

To some observers Macy's move meant but a broadening of the fight between department stores, chain stores, and mail order houses, on the one hand, and small independent retailers and manufacturers of nationally advertised products, on the other. For the large retailer, it suggests a cheaper method of combating price fixing by manufacturers, by distributing their own private brands to other retailers for resale to the public.

In the last decade, there has been a resurgence of agitation (and legislation) for price fixing and for protection of the small independent retailer. On a national scale, the first attempt to "do something" for the little fellow was the Robinson-Patman law, enacted in June 1936 as an amendment to the Clayton Act of 1914.

But the Clayton Act concerned itself primarily with the prevention of monopoly among producers. When the Robinson-Patman Act came along it sought to prevent any monopoly among distributors as well. Result of a seven-year survey of chain stores by the Federal Trade Commission, concluded in 1934, the Act (aimed primarily at grocery chains) made it illegal for manufacturers or wholesalers to discriminate in price between different purchasers of commodities of like grade and quality.

In other words, manufacturers are not allowed to charge one price to one purchaser and another to a second. Exceptions to this rule include discounts which consist of savings in sales, manufacturing, or shipping costs that arise from quantity purchases. But the Federal Trade Commission, which administers the Act, limits such "differentials" so that they do not tend to establish a monopoly.

Meanwhile, prior to the passage of the Robinson-Patman Act, a number of states passed Fair Trade Practice Acts. Beginning with the California law in 1931, and spreading like a prairie fire to all but seven states this year, the laws permit manufacturers in each state to fix the retail price on all articles upon which they place their label. A contract made by a manufacturer with a retailer to sell his product at a given price is binding on all other retailers throughout a state, even though the other retailers are not parties to the agreement or might never have heard of it. Practically all of these state laws are identical; so much so, in fact, that ten of them match each other word for word, even to the extent of an incomplete, meaningless sentence.

To supplement state laws and to permit the extension of price maintenance contracts from intra-state to inter-state commerce, the Tydings-Miller bill was introduced in Congress early this session. President Roosevelt intervened, however, expressed his opposition to the bill on the ground that it might have the effect of still higher prices. The Federal Trade Commission joined in condemning the bill, and for a time it was aborted.

Not to be outdone, however, proponents of the bill reintroduced it, this time as a rider to the much needed District of Columbia tax appropriations bill. Thus, through a parliamentary trick, the bill has passed Senate and House and awaits President Roosevelt's approval.

To the drug and liquor lobbies and other sponsors of this price-fixing legislation, it brings an end to the practice of "loss leader selling" engaged in by large retailers to attract customers, enables the small independent retailer to sell at prices equivalent to those charged by large retailers, and brings an end to all price cutting. From the large retailers—department stores, chains, and mail-order houses—it takes away their ability to charge less for merchandise (through mass buying), forces them to boost their prices.

The Robinson-Patman Act, despite four decisions of the Federal Trade Commission on alleged violations of it, still remains a mystery to business men who ask: "What constitute fair trade practices under the Robinson-Patman Act?"

To provide an answer, Representative Wright Patman, co-author of the act, will shortly publish a book, "How to Operate Honestly Under the Robinson-Patman Act." Two other authors, Burton A. Zorn and George J. Feldman, formerly associated with the NRA and Federal Trade Commission respectively, have already authored a well-written tome, "Business Under the New Price Laws," in which they explain the functions of all fair trade practice acts. In comparing the Robinson-Patman Act to the Clayton Act, they state: "The old act laid down certain principles governing the general conduct of a business; the Robinson-Patman Act, on the other hand, purports to regulate each individual sales transaction. It is in such minuteness of control as this that the Act may be considered revolutionary. Yet, paradoxically, this minute control is established in terms that are scarcely a model of clarity."

Milady's fur

PREFERENCES for furs this winter will be for pelts of all colors and coats of all lengths, although chunky, swagger coats of three-quarters and half lengths will predominate. Black furs of Persian lamb, skunk, broadtail, and caracul are most popular; grey furs next.

Milady's choice is for furs of better quality, so fur manufacturers look forward to a peak selling season which portends a record $550,000,000 sales volume for 1937. This estimate, according to Dun and Bradstreet's review of the fur trade, is 31 per cent better than 1936 and almost twice as good as 1935. The first half of 1937 was the best in six years for the fur industry.

With prospects bright, fur men are preparing to go and skin some more.

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SCIENCE AND MEDICINE

Hurricane season

AGAINST the advent of hurricanes, which are in season during the next two months, weather experts of the United States and Cuba are foregathered in Havana. Their hope is for more and surer data to be sped north—to outrun disaster and save lives and property.

To gain higher certainty of the nature of our atmosphere's murderous wantoning, unmanned but radio-equipped balloons will rise. These will transmit to meteorologists below news of events aloft. Dots and dashes will tell temperatures, pressures, humidities. The balloons will burst at heights of ten to fifteen miles, and robots will descend by parachute and bring back additional records of preliminaries to tropic cyclones.

Such research was begun last year, but the luck was ill. Though the average is six tropical cyclones per year, there was lack of them in 1936 in the Caribbean.

But 1935 had an evil crop—of which an especial two swirled memorably up our latitudes. The devastating intensity of the hurricane of August 31 to September 6 has never been equalled in the north Atlantic. Over a path 30 miles wide, destruction was practically complete. The barometer sank to 26 1/3 inches—the lowest sea-level pressure ever observed in this hemisphere. Winds roared up to 120 miles an hour, whereupon the speed-recorders were gone with the blasts. The *Dixie* with 351 aboard, was lifted onto a coral shoal off the east coast of Florida. Though these voyagers were saved later, the gale raged along the keys, and then inland, killing 285. The hurricane of November 4 was less intense, but did property damage of more than $1,000,000.

Government predictions and warnings are increasingly accurate and thus increasingly valuable: less violent hurricanes of the past have killed far more. Six thousand lives were lost at Galveston in September, 1900; 2,000 in Florida in September, 1928.

September and October are the tropic cyclones' Atlantic season, because the belt of calms is then just the few needed degrees north of the equator. The earth has spun along its orbit till the noon sun is directly above (and warming) vast ocean reaches whence the north-blowing winds take their steady rise. Now excited by the continued warmth, uncountable hordes of water-molecules, bound from the calm sea-stretches, crowd into and saturate the lazy air above.

Day after day both the temperature and the humidity ascend. Aloft the air is cooler and remains drier. But cool, dry air is heavier; thus we have instability. The greater mass above would displace the lesser below. By chance, two or three miles up, a moderate cool breeze inflows. Its slight energy is enough to upset the balance and start the warm, saturated air to spiralling up.

Once started, the spiral's width and velocity surge tremendously. And as the excessively humid air wells upward, its consequent cooling condenses its load of vapor into giant, billowing clouds where lightning and thunder play and whence hard-blown torrents pour.

This huge, swift-cycling mass of gales is slowly, at 8 to 30 miles an hour, urged north and east when caught by the prevailing winds. Though it veers and even halts at times, the cyclone, now 300-600 miles in diameter, usually sweeps along a parabola that may extend thousands of miles. The cyclone gradually distributes its energy over an increasing area until violence wanes into zephyrs.

Caesar popularized it

PERAMBULATORS in the parks this summer wheel fewer babies delivered by Cesarian section—a surgical cut through the abdomen. Obstetricians opine that no birth-measure is more fascinating, none so spectacular. Certainly no obstetric feat equals the Cesarian as a life-saver. It is employed wherever labor seriously threatens the life of mother or child.

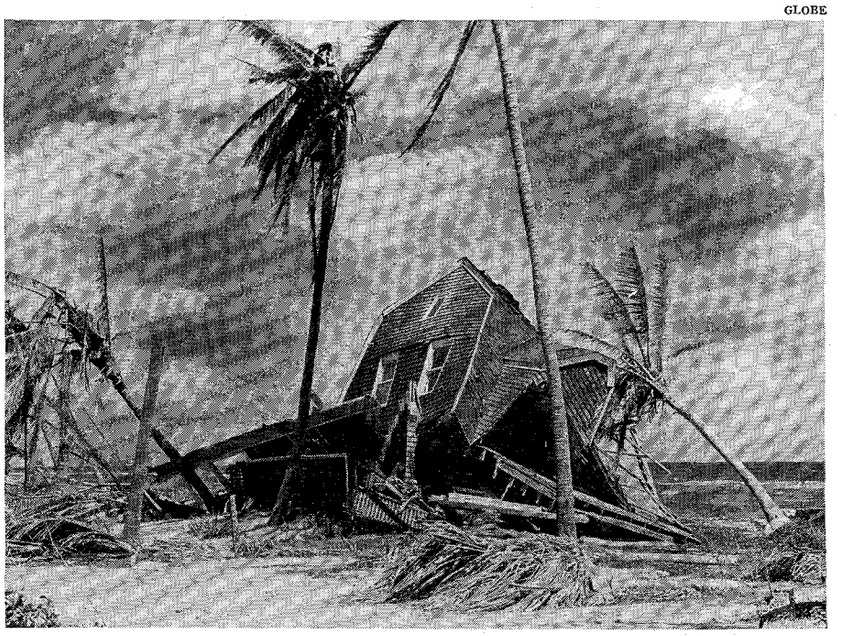
Enthusiasm for this mode of overcoming childbirth difficulties was wild for years, and only recently began to subside to the plane of scientific art. Now it is becoming more widely recognized that poor judgment alone regards the operation as a panacea for all obstetric ills. To any but the highest skill the operation is fraught with menace. Yet the Cesarian method in the best hospitals has its mortality held down to a low minimum—slightly more than 1 per cent. Elsewhere it may be a morbid 16 per cent.

Indications for Cesarian delivery are not more frequent than about 3 out of 100 maternity cases—despite the erstwhile hankering after the knife.

Far rarer are Cesarians performed upon the prospective mother when death ends her wait for the infant life. The largest hospitals, with thousands of deliveries annually, may not harbor such births for years at a time. In such unusual instances (where the child is born after its mother's death) the surgeon has only a few minutes in which to operate—before toxins from the mother's body, or want of the mother's circulation, now stopped, kills the unborn. Statistics are too scanty to be convincing, but it is claimed that, should the unborn be quite ready for birth and should the cut be made quickly enough, the baby has an even chance.

About Caesar, some say one thing, some another. It is generally believed, however, that he was indeed brought forth—perhaps even after his mother's death—by that technique which he popularized, if only because he lent it his name.

GLOBE



A HURRICANE, such as those which occasionally lash the lower Florida peninsula, hits with a whirling impact of 100 or more miles an hour. Yet its center moves on at only 8 to 30 miles an hour

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The Spice of Life

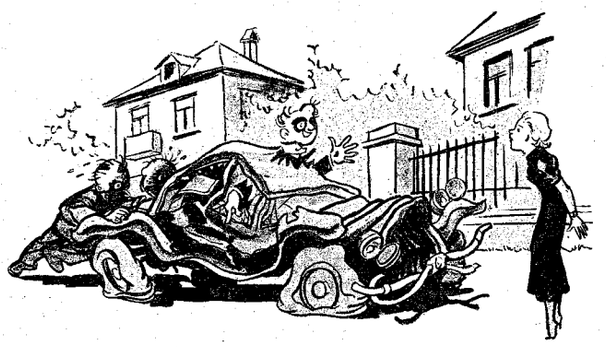
(Title registered U. S. Patent Office)

Daffy Tale: A nut was smoking a cigarette—but he was placing the lighted end in his mouth. A passerby watched the nut for a moment, and then couldn't stand it any longer.

"Hey, you!" he shouted. "What's the idea of putting a lighted cigarette in your mouth?"

The nut shrugged.

"It's the best I can do," he sighed. "I can't afford a cigar."—*Mark Hellinger in New York Mirror.*



"I have passed my driving test, darling—all this happened afterwards."—*Muskete, Vienna*

British—A Frenchman learning English said to his tutor: "English is a queer language. What does this sentence mean: 'Should Mr. Noble, who sits for this constituency, consent to stand again, he will in all probability have a walkover'?"—*Calgary Herald.*

Attention F.D.R.—A Swedish farmer who wanted to make his permanent home in this country appeared for his naturalization papers.

"Are you satisfied with the general conditions of this country?" he was asked.

"Yah, sure," answered the hopeful one.

"And does this government of ours suit you?"

"Well, yah, mostly," stammered the man, "only I lak see more rain."—*Wall Street Journal.*

A Close Shave—A big buck Indian had just ordered a ham sandwich at a drug-store and was peering between the slices of bread when he turned and said to the waiter: "Ugh, you slice 'em ham?"

The waiter replied: "Yes, I sliced the ham."

"Ugh," grunted the Indian. "You darn near miss 'em."—*Welland-Port Colborne Tribune.*

Unfair—*Wife*: "Dear, I've set my heart on a Rolls Royce."

Hubby: "Yes? Well that's the only part of your anatomy that'll ever set on one."—*Grit (Sydney, Australia.)*

Industrious—*W.P.A. Worker*: "Say, foreman, will you please give me a shovel? I'm the only one in the gang who ain't got one."

Foreman: "Don't you know that if you ain't got a shovel you don't have to dig?"

W.P.A.W.: "Yeah, I know that, but all the rest of the guys have something to lean on and I have to stand up."—*Annapolis Log.*

Irresistible—*Customer:* "I've come back to buy the car I was looking at yesterday."

Salesman: "Fine. Now tell me, what was the one dominating thing that made you buy this car?"

Customer: "My wife."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Old Reprint—*Judge:* "The officer states that he found you two fighting in the street."

Defendant: "That's wrong, Judge. When he arrived we were trying to separate each other."—*The Rail.*

Tsk, Tsk—*Father:* "Why do you have dates with that girl?"

Son: "Because I want to."

Father (suspiciously): "Want to what?"—*Columbia Jester.*

OR SO THEY SAY—

Mussolini: "I am not a man, but an event."

Nazi Dr. Rust: "What, after all, is truth?"

Clarence Darrow: "I am a pessimist with hope."

David Sarnoff: "We have done wonders with machines, but we have neglected to develop ourselves in the same degree."

Bernard Baruch: "Wars are never won; but they can be lost."

President Roosevelt: "We must not be lulled by any sense of false security."

"I want a magazine I can read."—*The New Yorker*

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THE WORLD AND MAN
AS SCIENCE SEES THEM

Edited by FOREST RAY MOULTON

(*Continued from back cover*)

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Where did the earth come from?

Do you know that the ocean moving in terminated the *formation* of coal—forty times in Ohio and more than one hundred times in Wales?

What is heat?

What is *electricity?*

Why does bone stop x-rays?

What is "heavy" water and what would happen to you if you drank it?

Can sound be bent?

Why do some chemicals mingle with no effect on each other while others explode violently when they are mixed?

What is *LIFE?*

Exactly what happens in *reproduction?*

Where and how did life originate?

What gives plants and flowers their color?

What have man, lizard, crow and codfish in common?

What birds can't fly?

Where did *teeth* come from?

Where did *eyes* come from?

Do you know that the first "horses" were about the size of a fox-terrier?

What *are* vitamins? Which ones do we need? How do we get them?

Do glands "think"?

What happens in your body when you feel pain? When you itch?

What is SLEEP?

Is acid-stomach dangerous?

Does fasting cure disease?

How much water should you drink?

How does the sex life of microbes increase *fever* when you are ill?

How many "stone ages" have there been?

Where have the oldest relics of man been found?

Were there men in America, before the Ice Age?

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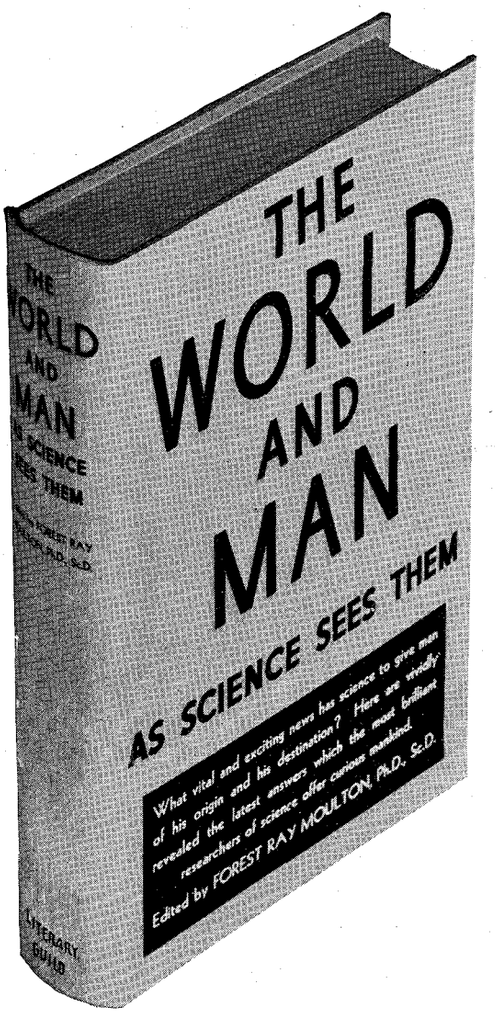

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